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GENTLENESS—A SONG OF THE HEART.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

There's a deep, angelic meaning
In Hephestion's legend old,
Of a crag on which the billows
Are forever vainly rolled,
And on which as vainly thunder
Engines of the Human Race—
Scorning force from man or billow
There it firmly keeps its place.

II.

But there is one potent power
At whose magic touch the rock
Trembles as it never trembled
To a fierce, defiant shock.
In what being, think you lieth
Such a rare, seraphic spell?
Listen! though you wonder, listen!—
In the little Asphodel!

III.

O the deep, the heavenly lesson!—
Would you truly move a soul?
Never then against its rampart
Tyrant-passion's billow roll:
Take some flower of Love, and gently
Touch it, and the stubborn heart,
Thrilling with your own true feeling,
Will to you responsive start!

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

JULIAN GLENDOWER DISCOVERS HIS MOTHER.

CHAPTER IV.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

As soon as the freebooters realized that they had been disturbed by strangers, they leaped to their feet, and drew their cutlasses.

"Stand, villains!" shouted Julian. "If you offer us resistance you are dead men!"

"Mercy on us!" replied one of the villains, in a mocking tone. "Would ye take advantage of six weak, inoffensive men? If ye would, come on. But first—tell us what brought ye here."

"You have a prisoner here—a female," said the youth. "We seek her."

"Then ye'll seek some further, young sir. We don't keep women here."

"Death!" cried another of the rogues: "This is the man that ran our captain through! At him!"

But Julian had been beforehand in his calculations, and ere the last words were spoken, he sprang forward and struck the foremost man to the pavement. With the quickness of lightning he dealt another blow, and a second fell. These movements had been made so suddenly that no time had been given for defence; but as the remaining rogues gathered themselves for work, Julian leaped back and presented his pistol.

"One word," he said. "We seek not your lives. Surrender, and conduct me to the prisoner you have in charge, and no more harm shall be done you."

The pirates were not men to submit thus tamely, and though they had been taken somewhat by surprise, and were not so clear-headed as might be, yet they seemed resolved upon desperate work, for, with fierce oaths, they brandished their cutlasses, and leaped forward. Had they been free from wine they would not have moved so recklessly, for they had no fire-arms at hand, while their antagonists were fully prepared with those serviceable weapons.

"Fire!" shouted Julian, starting back a pace, and taking aim at the man nearest opposite to him. The objects were so near that it was almost impossible to miss the mark, and three of the villains staggered as the sharp report of the pistols rang out through the old ruins. Two of them sank upon the pavement, but the third, in company with the one who was unhurt, sprang forward again. The former fell by a shot from Mark's second pistol, while the latter was received by Julian, who struck his cutlass down, and allowed him to pass; but the next instant, and before the fellow could fully recover from his headlong course, our hero turned and drew his loaded pistol.

"Another step and you die!" the youth said, taking deliberate aim at the man's bosom.

The pirate hesitated, and finally allowed the point of his weapon to drop. He saw that his companions were all dead, and that there was no hope for him but in submission.

"I surrender!" he cried.

"Then drop your cutlass."

"If you'll promise me my life."

"I'll promise it on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you give up to us the female prisoner you have in charge here."

"By my life, young sir, you must have got some false information. We have no prisoner here."

"Then," said Julian, "we shall have no occasion for your services, and you can be spared to keep your companions company."

"Hold! In God's name don't fire yet!"

"Look you, villain!" exclaimed the youth, impatiently. "We know that you have a prisoner here, and we want her. Now let us have no more falsehoods—no more useless words of any kind. Show us the object we seek, and you may live. Refuse—and you die where you stand! Now what say you?"

The man hesitated but a moment. He gazed once more upon his fallen companions, and then let his cutlass drop.

"My life is worth more to me just now than the keeping of any prisoner can be," he said, "and I'll show you where she is."

"First," interrupted Julian, curbing his impatience for the moment, "tell me why this woman was taken."

"I'll do all I can," replied the freebooter, "but I can't tell ye that, for I don't know any more about it than you do. I only know that our captain took her, and that she was to be kept here until we got ready to sail."

"Then lead us to her."

The man took up one of the heavy brass lamps which stood lighted upon the table, and bade the youth to follow him. He then passed from the place by an arch near one of the angles, and having traversed three more rooms, he stopped in a small, circular apartment, in the massive wall of which there was an embrazure, and which seemed to be within one of the smaller towers. Here he lifted a broad flag from the pavement, turning it up till its edge rested against the wall, thus disclosing a flight of steps which led down into utter darkness. Julian here took the lantern from Mark's hand, and followed his guide down. The stairs were long and winding, and at the end our hero found himself in a low, damp vault, or arched way, which seemed to have the solid rock for a floor, though the walls were of masonry.

"Have you kept a helpless woman in such a place as this?" demanded Julian, as he felt the chill, damp air strike to his flesh.

"It was the only safe place we had, sir," answered the pirate. "But I guess it hasn't hurt her any. There is a chance for breathing in the place where she is."

In a few moments more he stopped before an oaken door, the surface of which was covered with a thick mold, and having withdrawn the fastening, he pushed it open. The youth saw the dim outlines of a female form in the gloom of the dungeon, and hastily rushing in, he held his lantern close to her features. It was a sweet, pale face; molded in a form of exceeding beauty; with a prayerful, heavenly expression. The dream was realized—the vision of years was not dispelled. Julian Glendower saw before him the same face that had bent over him so fondly in childhood, and he gazed into the same soft, beaming eye that had dropped its dewy tears upon him in the hour of parting, years agone. The lantern dropped from his hand, and with a murmured blessing he sank down upon his knees, and bent his head upon his mother's lap.

"Mother!—Mother!—My own dear mother!" he cried, "look upon your boy!"

A faint cry burst from her lips, and, without power to articulate a word, she sank fainting upon the bosom of her son. He caught her up in his stout arms, and bade his companions to lead the way from the place. He bore her along the vaulted passage, and at the foot of the narrow, winding steps Adam Nolan asked him if he should not carry the burden up.

"No, no," the youth cried; "not so precious a burden as this. I cannot give it up, Adam. Lead the way. I am strong now."

So up the stairs the young man bore his mother, nor did he set her down until he had reached the apartment where the fray had taken place. As he placed her upon one of the wooden benches which the pirates had occupied, he turned to his companions and asked them to drag out the bodies of the fallen men, for he would not have his mother see them.

"Where is the rogue that was with us a moment ago?" he asked, gazing around after him.

"Gad's my life!" uttered Adam. "I think he's gone. I remember now that he slipped up ahead of us."

"He's off, as sure as fate!" added Mark. "I wasn't lookin' to him—I was busy another way."

"Never mind," said Julian; "let him go."

Mark and Adam very soon dragged the five corses through the arched passage, and while they were doing it the fainting woman revived.

"Do you know me?" she asked, bending over her, as he saw the light of her deep blue eye beam forth again.

"Julian—my boy!" she cried, throwing out her arms, and sinking forward upon his bosom. "It is—oh!—it is my son!"

"Yes, mother," he replied, clasping her fondly within his embrace. "It is your own boy—your boy come back after so many years, to love and protect you. Tell me, mother—are you hurt? are you faint now?"

"No, no, my son. I am only weak with a great joy." She gazed up into his face—she read the noble truth that stood out upon his manly features—and with a low murmur of happiness she bowed her head again upon his bosom, and burst into tears.

That was not the place for explanation, for there was no knowing how soon more of the freebooters might be there. The man who had so adroitly escaped them might return with some of his companions and give them trouble; so Julian resolved to be on the move as soon as possible. He had more than self to care for now. His mother assured him that she was perfectly able to go—that the sooner she could leave that place the better she should feel. Accordingly Adam Nolan went with his lantern to lead the way, while Mark followed in the rear, thus casting sufficient light to enable Julian to see very plainly.

It was easier going down than it had been coming up, not only from the descending slope, but because the tangled vines and briars had been mostly removed. At times the youth bore his mother in his arms over the roughest places; but when they gained the level path she assured her son that she could walk very easily. It was past midnight when they reached Dame Warrenton's cot, and the old lady was up to receive them. She embraced Margaret Glendower tenderly, and then commenced to ask questions.

"Wait a while, mother," interposed Mark. "We haint none of us heard the story yet. Let her get rested first."

Thus admonished, the good dame busied herself in preparing some tea, which she had all ready to set a steeping, and when that was done she set out the table. Margaret had need of refreshment, and as the men were somewhat fatigued with the labor and excitement of the work they had done, they sat down with her. She had been talking with Julian while these preparations were being made—talking not very coherently—but talking of love, and of blessing, and of gratitude, and weeping every moment; but she was more calm now, and could converse with Mark, and plainly speak her pleasure at seeing him. When the table had been set back, and the company were gathered together, Margaret told her story.

"When I went out from here on the evening of my disappearance," she commenced, "I walked down into the wood, intending only to take a turn at the old path, and come back. I met a rough-looking man at the edge of the wood, but as he showed no disposition to molest me, I took little notice of him. When I reached the broad path, however, I found that this man had not only followed me, but I was met by three more, one of whom was the largest and most powerful looking man I ever saw. This huge fellow approached me and seized me by the arm, and before I could speak, or utter any word of alarm, a second ruffian threw a cloth over my head, and I was then caught up and borne swiftly away. In a few moments I was placed upon the back of a horse, and thus conveyed some distance, after which I was again taken in the arms of a powerful man, and carried up a steep, rugged hill. When the cloth was finally taken from my head, I found myself in the apartment of the ruins where you set me down after having brought me from the dungeon.

"The four ruffians were about me, and I had no difficulty in recognizing the gigantic one as their leader, so to him I spoke. I was frightened, for I knew not what to make of this. I feared for my life, and a vague terror of something even worse haunted me. I asked the man why he had thus treated me, but he would not tell me. He said if I remained quiet I should not be harmed. One of the men went away, and when he came back I was taken and conducted to the cold, deep cell where you found me. Twice a day food was brought to me, but no prayers or tears of mine could move my keeper to tell me why I was kept there. To all my questions I only received a shake of the head, with the dubious assurance that they meant me no harm. And so I was kept till you came to me, and set me free."

"But," said Julian, after a pause of some moments, "there must have been some cause for this beyond the mere desire of these villians to secure your person. There must be some plot here. Have you no suspicion of anything more than has yet appeared?"

Margaret Glendower did not answer directly. She gazed a moment into the face of her son, and then bent her eyes to the floor with a troubled look. Finally she said, with some hesitation in her manner—

"I cannot—I dare not—conceive why it has been done."

"It is a strange piece of work," pursued the young man, musingly.

"But remember," replied his mother, "the same men waylaid and seized upon Lady Emma Dean, as you have told me."

"I know," responded Julian; "and there's something strange in that, too."

"And," added Mark, "if we live we'll have an overhaulin' o' this matter."

"That we will," said Adam, rising from his seat; "an' thou may'st count upon me to help thee. But I must be off now, or Peggy may think I'm throttled. I'll see thee all on the morrow."

With this the honest woodman took his leave, and as Margaret appeared weary and worn, her son asked her no more questions, but gave her a fond kiss, and bade her good-night, as she retired to her bed. He gazed after her as she disappeared, and then turning to Mark, he said, with ardent enthusiasm—

"She has not changed a particle. Is she not the same heavenly being we left when we went away?"

The old man regarded his youthful companion with a frank, honest look, as he answered—

"In all my wanderin's I never seed a lovelier woman. She's more than beautiful, me boy—she's a born angel."

"And why any one could wish harm to her is more than I can understand," pursued the youth, in an earnest, thoughtful mood.

"We'll find out about that, Julian," said Mark, encouragingly. "Don't go for to borrer uneasiness yet. We've got her under safe guard now, and I guess we'll keep her. But come—it's time we turned in. All hands are down but us, and we may keep 'em awake."

Julian said no more. His head was soon upon the pillow, and as he called to mind the events of the day, he thought how strange had been his first essay upon the shores of his native land

CHAPTER V.

LOVE.

Adam Nolan came over on the next day, and the events of the past were freely discussed, but no satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at. Julian could not help noticing that his mother at times appeared buried in thought to which she gave no expression. He fancied that she held suspicions which she would not divulge, and on one occasion he spoke with her upon the subject. He asked her if she thought she had enemies in that region.

"It seems that these pirates are my enemies," she answered, rather evasively.

"But I cannot help thinking that they have not done this of their own accord, mother. Can you think of no one else?"

"Not now, my son. We will leave this place as soon as we can. I do not feel safe here."

"Am I not here to protect you, mother? And have we not friends on all hands?"

"Yet we would be safer elsewhere, Julian."

"But you forget that I must wait here for orders. When I left my ship, I promised that I might be found here when wanted. I could not go far away without first consulting with my superiors. But what is this danger? Surely you do not fear to trust me?"

"No, no, my son—I would trust you where I would trust myself. But this danger I cannot see. It hangs over me like a mist at night. I feel that a storm is gathering, but I know not how or when it may break upon us. I wish you could leave this place, and come with me to our friends in Scotland."

"But this is past my comprehension, mother. What sort of danger can there be for me? I am not known here, save to my friends."

"The pirates know you."

"Yet they would not harm me, I think."

"And," pursued Margaret, with considerable tremulousness, "does not the young earl know you?"

"The earl?" repeated Julian, with a start. "What of him? Say, my mother—what of him? If your fears are fixed upon Sir Thomas Cleaveland, I pray you, tell me so."

Margaret Glendower trembled violently, but made no answer.

"Mother," cried the youth, seizing her by the hand, "you have some fears of this nobleman. What are they? Will you not tell me?"

"I cannot!" she replied, in a convulsive tone. "Oh! Julian, question me no more on this point. It may be that the earl has no cause of enmity towards us. If you love me——"

She hesitated, and caught her son by both his hands, and while the tears started to her eyes, she added—

"If you love me, Julian, let this pass now."

The youth could not find it in his heart to cause his mother more pain, yet he was too anxious upon one other point to let it pass now, even though it might have some connexion with the present.

"God knows," he said, kissing her upon the cheek, with both his arms about her neck, "that I love you more than all the world beside; and I would suffer much rather than cause you one moment's pain. Yet I must ask you a question which has been working on my mind for a long while. You were very poor when you sent me away with Mark Warrenton?"

"I was, my son."

"And was my father poor?"

Margaret started, and a look of intense pain passed over her face.

"He was dead, my son," she finally replied, with a convulsive effort. "He died when you was a mere infant. He died far away from me, and I never claimed any of his property."

"He was a good man, mother?"

The moment the words had escaped his lips Julian wished that he had not asked the question, for he saw that it increased his mother's trouble. Yet she answered him, though her voice was very low and plaintive, and a more than mortal grief seemed cast upon her.

"I could not have loved a man whom I had not been assured was good. But, dear, kind, blessed Julian," she added, gazing up into his face with a look of prayerful entreaty, "I cannot see as I would. Away back in that time so long agone, there is a cloud through which no reason or power of mine can penetrate. But we are left to each other, and your mother's love is pure and lasting. Let us live in the future, my child,—let us live for duty and honor. Thus far fortune has smiled upon you, and your course has been onward and upward. Oh! Julian, I cannot tell you how proud and happy your mother has been when she knew how her son was honored and trusted. She feels that God has abundantly blessed her, and she will not mourn over the past. There are not many of your age who have been promoted as you have been, and that, too, upon your own merits. There is promise in the future, Julian, and the prayers of your mother shall always be with you."

The youth pressed his mother to his bosom, and while he kissed and blessed her, he promised to ask no more questions upon the topic that had passed.

Yet, when Julian was alone, he could not drive that topic from his mind. There were two points upon which his anxiety turned. First: What had been the circumstances under which his mother had sent him away to India while yet a mere child, and at a time when it must have rent many a tender heart-string in the separation? He had asked Mark this question, but the old man could only tell him that his mother was very poor, and that she had sent him away because she knew not how to keep him at home. And, more still,—she had had friends in India, and to them she looked for help. There was some reason in this, for those friends had helped him much, and to their kind and effective influence he owed much of his advancement. But this could not satisfy him. Second: What was this danger his mother feared, both for herself and for him? Upon the first point he resolved not to be much troubled; but what this danger might be he meant to ascertain if he could, though in the meantime he was resolved not to trouble her.

For a week our hero passed most of his time with Mark, in the woods. They hunted and fished to their hearts' content, having the permission of Adam Nolan to range over Sir Roland Dean's outer forest as much as they pleased. They had seen nothing more of the pirates, as the brig had disap-

peared from the bay on the day following their adventure at the old ruins, so those villains were not to be feared *at present*.

And during this week Emma Dean had made three visits to Dame Warrenton's cot. She came to see the old lady and Margaret, though there was another there whose company was not distasteful to her. On her second visit Julian was induced to recount to her some of his adventures in distant climes, and as she became interested he grew more eloquent and free. At first he only remembered how they had known each other in childhood, and of those bright days they loved to talk. Julian seemed to forget that Emma had been but a prattling child, then; and even she did not fully realize how little of those scenes she could, of her own thoughts, remember. The stories of good Adam Nolan, and of Dame Warrenton, had done more than anything else to fix her memory of Julian Glendower; and, as the old lady had always read to her the letters of her son, she had followed the youth through the years of his absence. Since the moment when the youthful pair had exchanged glances, after the arrival of the earl in the forest, Julian had felt a new and strange emotion in his soul, and as he sat now, and conversed with the beautiful girl, that emotion began to take a palpable form. At first it was dim, like the faint memory of a pleasant dream; but finally he knew that he loved—loved deeply and truly—and that his heart had gone from him. For a while he kept these feelings to himself, and reflected seriously upon the course he should pursue. Sir Roland Dean was a wealthy baronet, owning one of the largest estates in Yorkshire. Might he not refuse the hand of his child to one who was only a lieutenant in the British Navy? Once Julian thought of speaking with him first. But what if Emma did not love him?—did not care for him? Under such circumstances he would only make a fool of himself. But while he was thus trying to reason out his course an unseen hand led him on to the declaration of his love.

One afternoon he found himself alone with Emma at the foot of the hill, not far from the cot. They had walked out there without any particular purpose, and as they stopped beneath a wide-spreading oak, the conversation turned upon the subject of the pirates.

"I wish I knew why they attacked you as they did," said Julian.

"I think I can guess," returned Emma, with a slight shudder, as though some harrowing thought had moved her.

"You can?" cried the youth, earnestly.

"I am not sure," she answered; "but I have reason to believe that I am right. Mary Nolan has discovered it from a conversation she overheard. I think the earl was at the bottom of it."

"The earl?" repeated Julian, in astonishment. "Do you mean Sir Thomas Cleaveland?"

"I do."

"But why should he have done it?"

"It was simply to get me within his power. He knew that my father had gone away, and that if he could once get me within his dwelling he could make some excuse to keep me there until my father returned."

"But I do not understand," said the youth.

"Why," resumed Emma, "he it was who hired the ruffians to attack and secure me. He was to be at hand, and when they had me bound, and were ready to bear me away, he was to rush in and rescue me from them, it being all arranged that they should make but a seeming resistance, and then flee. Then he would have borne me to his home, and there kept me while he could."

"He must have had a purpose in this," said Julian, gazing intently upon his companion.

"Most assuredly he had," she returned; "though his scheme was one of the wildest and most foolish I could have conceived of."

"And what wild scheme can the Earl of Stanbury have conceived of in which a lady like yourself bears a part?" asked our hero, in a tone some lower than he had before used.

Emma gazed down upon the ground—she had been gazing down while her companion spoke—and it was some moments ere she answered. But finally she said, trying to smile as she did so—

"It is very simple, Mr. Glendower. He wants me for his wife."

"Ah!" uttered Julian, with a sudden start. A sharp pain had shot to his heart as he heard this, for if the powerful nobleman sought her hand, what hope was there for him?

"He has asked for your hand, then?" he finally added.

"He has never asked me for it," the maiden answered; "though I am confident that he has on several occasions sought an opportunity to do so. He has spoken with my father upon the subject, however."

"And I suppose your father would not refuse the request of one so wealthy and high in station," said Julian.

"I don't know what he might do," quickly replied Emma; "but I know very well what I should do."

"What is that?" The youth meant to have asked this question very carelessly, but, nevertheless, it came out with considerable eagerness.

"I should tell him *no*," answered the maiden, without hesitation. "I do not like him," she added, after a moment's thought. "He is dark and forbidding to me. I fear him, and I dislike him, both."

"And yet he is wealthy, and could raise you even above your present station," suggested Julian, in a low tone.

"Aye," replied Emma, in thrilling accents; "he could raise me as the Jews were wont to raise their offerings upon the bloody altar—gilded and bedecked, and highly honored, and even worshiped—but yet only meet for the sacrifice. O, no,—not for me are the——"

She caught the gaze of her companion fixed earnestly upon her at this point, and she suddenly stopped.

"Speak on," the youth said.

"You know what I mean," she answe.

"Not all—not all," cried Julian, now borne wholly away by the intensity of his feelings. "I would have you say more. I would have you speak such words as would add to the hope already kindled within my bosom. Fair lady," he continued, taking one of her hands, "I had not thought of saying what I am now impelled to say; and if I speak with seeming haste—if my words may seem to you to be out of season—I can only assure you that I make this haste for my own good—for my own peace—perhaps for the good and peace of us both. I have not forgotten the sweet little face that used to smile upon me in childhood—it has been present with me always when my thoughts have turned to the land of my birth; and now that I have returned, and found that face grown sweeter and purer still in opening womanhood, the warmth of a love and devotion has entered my soul which I pray God may never be removed. Emma—pardon me if I offend—this heart is all your own. It is rich in nothing but honor and integrity. Such as it is I offer it unto thee."

He knelt at her feet as he spoke, and gazed up into her face, still holding her hand closely clasped within his own.

"Arise, sir. Julian, kneel not there," she said, controlling herself by a powerful effort.

"But you will answer me," he responded, arising and standing by her side.

Emma Dean trembled like an aspen leaf, and it was some moments ere she could speak; but finally she said, as she turned a tearful glance upon her companion:

"I should be doing injustice to my own soul did I profess to be indifferent to your avowal. I cannot do it—I will not."

"And will you love me?" the young man cried, in a low, thrilling tone. "May I hope that you will return the fond feeling I have confessed?"

The maiden crushed a withered acorn with her foot, and her tremulousness increased. She withdrew her hand, and moved a pace away, where she stood for some moments with her head bowed, and her hands clasped upon her bosom. Finally, she turned and gave her hand back, and there was a soft, beaming light in her lustrous brown eye as she said:

"Julian Glendower, I do love you—love you truly and well—love you with the first love of my heart. I love you because you are what I have ever hoped to love. And I will love you always—and care for you if God and my father will let me."

Julian clasped the noble girl to his bosom, and, when the first wild thrill of his rapturous emotion had passed he murmured:

"Generous soul, I thank thee for this." And then he added—"I may not hope to claim thy hand at once. I will rise in my profession, and the day may not be far distant when your father will deem me worthy of you. You will wait until that time?"

"While you live, true to the love you have pledged me, I will not give my hand to another," frankly answered the maiden.

The gentle breeze murmured through the branches of the old oak, and the golden robin pealed forth its blithe song of joy. From the hillside came the merry chirp of the sparrow, and the sweet song of the missel-thrush. The sunlight was dancing over the polished blades of the greensward, and the air was filled with fragrance from a thousand blooming flowers. It was a happy, glorious, hopeful season, and as the youthful lovers walked away their hearts beat in joyous unison with the outpourings of praise which Nature sent forth to its God all around them.

When Emma had gone Julian sought his mother, and laid his head upon her bosom.

"Dearest mother," he cried, "give me joy, for I am very, very happy."

"Then the greater joy is mine," she returned, bending over and kissing her son upon the cheek. "But what has happened to cast this new joy upon thee?"

"Emma loves me—will be mine—will wait for me! Oh! is it not joy enough?"

Julian looked up as he spoke, and when he saw the startled expression upon his mother's face, he asked what it meant. But she would not cast the cloud upon his soul then. She smiled—she kissed him again—and she asked God to bless him—and then she said she hoped he would always be happy. But after this she went away to her little chamber, and sank down upon her knees, and cried aloud to God for mercy on her beloved child.

CHAPTER VI.

DANGER IN EARNEST.

Sir Roland Dean was a bluff, hale, hearty man, in the very prime of life, being younger at fifty than most men are ten years earlier. His frame had a tendency to corpulency, and but for the amount of exercise he took he might have been as fat as a Falstaff. He was a good-natured man when things went right with him, and not over proud, though he thought much of station, and seldom made free with those below him in rank, saving a few intimate friends of the chase, and some of his most faithful dependants. His wife had been dead some years, and his fair daughter claimed and received his undivided love. Julian Glendower had visited at Ravendale Hall, (so the baronet's place was called,) several times, and had been received by its owner with marked kindness. Sir Roland could appreciate noble qualities, and he loved bravery; and as he knew that the youth was generous and brave, he extended to him the hand of welcome at once. And then Julian had done him some service in rescuing his child from the clutches of the pirates, and for this he felt much gratitude.

Julian was very anxious to speak with the baronet upon the subject of his love for Emma, and he had gone to Ravendale twice with that especial object in view without accomplishing his purpose. But he was resolved that the third time should not fail. After dinner he sought Sir Roland in the park, and finally made out to confess that he loved his daughter.

"Love her, eh!" returned the baronet, in his bluff way. "I had supposed as much. That's generally the way such adventures terminate. It's the old story. A young man meets a fair damsel in the forest—rescues her from danger—restores her to her home—and then loves her for his pay. And I suppose the girl loves you?"

"She does, sir," replied Julian, somewhat emboldened by the baronet's manner.

"Well, sir, if you have anything more to say on the subject, let's have it."

The youth broke a twig from a bush near at hand, and twisted it up like a cord while he tried to collect his thoughts.

"Don't be bashful," pursued Sir Roland. "If you have any important communication to make, I am ready to hear it."

"I have an important question to ask, sir," our hero finally said, throwing down the bruised twig, and gazing up into his companion's face. "That I love your daughter you already know, and for loving her I have no excuse to offer. And now, sir, I would know if I can hope ever to obtain her hand. I do not ask it now. I would not present such a claim until I have earned more right to it. But if I rise in my profession—if I gain an honorable and lucrative position in the navy—then may I hope?"

"You take it for granted that the lady Emma will wait all this time for a husband?" said the baronet, with a peculiar smile.

"I am sure she will," responded Julian.

"Then you must put great faith in woman's love?"

"I do, sir. I know what the love of a mother is—next to the love of Heaven itself—and I believe that the true affections of a virtuous woman are not to be shaken while their object remains worthy. I believe she will wait, sir—and if she does, what say you?"

Sir Roland pondered a few moments, and when he spoke his countenance was almost stern, and his voice low and earnest.

"Whatever might be my own wishes upon this subject," he commenced, "it matters not now. My highest aim of life is the good of my child. For her sake I would sacrifice much. I was aware that she loved you, for she has told me so herself; so I have been thinking this thing over, and have made up my mind. I cannot promise that she shall ever be your wife, nor do I refuse your request. We know not what the future may bring forth. All I can say is, if, at some future time, you should gain an honorable command in the navy, you may come to me and repeat your request, and then, if I feel that my child will be happier for the granting of it, you may be assured I shall not refuse you. But, mind you, you shall ask her for no further promise now. She shall be free—free as the maid unloved."

Julian caught the baronet by the hand.

"Bless you, sir!" he cried. "I could not ask for more than you have granted. I will rise. I will gain a position worthy of the prize I seek. The hope of possessing so priceless a jewel shall keep me in the path of duty and honor, and lead me on to the station I would reach."

"You will ask no more pledges from her at present?" inquired Sir Roland.

"No, sir. I will leave her bound only by such ties as her own heart may weave for itself."

"Very well. Then we may consider that matter settled for the present."

Our hero was fairly overwhelmed with joy. He had not expected that the baronet would have been so kind and considerate. He felt that he had gained all that he could have asked, and more than he had dared to hope for, and he straightway went at work to paint all sorts of joys and happiness for the future. When he met Emma, and had communicated to her the result of his private interview with her father, she gave, of her own accord, a solemn assurance that she would remain true to him to the end.

"But we are to make no pledges," said Julian, gazing into her face with a fond look.

"And yet you have just given me a most binding pledge," returned the maiden.

"Ah—but I am not restricted. It is you that must remain free."

"Well—then I will be free to love you, and only you. And Heaven knows that is freedom enough for me. I could ask for no greater—my father could not have granted me a sweeter boon."

Julian could not refuse the pledge thus voluntarily given, and, as he did not consider that he broke his word by accepting it, he took it to his heart, and was blessed by it.

"It will not, I hope, be many years," he said, holding Emma by the hand, "ere I shall reach the station I seek. My promotion has been rapid thus far, and I am told my superiors consider that I am well qualified, even now, to command a common ship. The day of promise is not far distant, love."

"And bright hope shall keep it ever near," replied the maiden, with a happy smile. "My prayers shall follow you wherever you go, and my heart shall know no other love."

"Nor shall mine," cried Julian, pressing the fair girl to his bosom. "I will select some bright star that gleams in the heavens, and it shall be to me as the beacon-light of your love. When I gaze upon it I shall think of thee, and remember how deeply I am blessed."

"You shall select the star before you go away," said Emma, "and then we can both gaze upon it."

Julian promised that he would.

"And I shall talk to it," pursued the happy girl, "just as though I were talking to you; and when it burns most brightly, I shall fancy that thou art replying to me. It would not be foolish."

"Nothing can be foolish which pure love dictates, Emma. There may be many things which would sound so to uninterested ears, but our love is not for them, and so they have no part in its language."

"Then I shall talk to the star."

"Aye—and I will do the same, and thus we may hold converse together, even though it be only in imagination."

And thus they talked on, going deeper and deeper into the ecstatic depths of love, and binding more and more firmly the silken bonds that had united their hearts. The youth did not mean to break the promise he had given to the baronet, nor could he see that it had been broken; yet no pledge was left to be given save that one which can only be spoken at the altar. He had asked Emma for no promise—he had not even hinted that he wanted one; but they had been given, solemnly and bindingly, and he could not refuse them. He did not conceive that his given word to Sir Roland required that he should reject blessings which were showered upon him without his asking, so he took them, and gave the like in return.

It was late in the afternoon when Julian left Ravendale, and started for home. At a distance of a mile from the hall he entered the wood, but the road was broad and well trodden, and the way pleasant and romantic. When he came to the woodman's cot, Adam Nolan came out and accosted him.

"Won't thee rest a moment, Mr. Glendower?"

"Not now, good Adam. You see the sun is almost down, and my mother may be anxious."

"An' she'll not be uneasy on thy account so early in the evening?"

"Yes. She has strange fears of late, Adam."

"Wherefore?"

"That I cannot tell thee. I only know that she has them."

"Hold a moment, an' I'll walk by thy side a bit." And thus saying, the honest woodman entered his cot, and quickly returned with his ax in his belt.

"Hast seen any strange faces to-day?" he asked, after they had started on.

"Only a few of Sir Roland's people whom I never saw before," replied Julian.

"I did not mean them. I was on the hill beyond the park this forenoon, and I saw a vessel in Midnight Bay."

"Was it a brig?"

"Aye."

"It may be the pirate."

"It is. She must a' come in last night."

"I wonder what the villains are after now?" said Julian.

"Perhaps only for their captain," suggested the woodman.

"You mean Dixon Grunker?"

"Aye."

"But he is at Woldhill."

"Aye."

"And does not the earl know his true character?"

"I think it very likely."

"Then do you think he will set him free?"

"I do think so, Mr. Glendower; and I think it is for that the brig is here."

"Then, by the host, Sir Thomas Cleaveland must have some complicity with the rogues," cried the youth, stopping short, and gazing his companion in the face.

"Thou may'st be sure o' that, my master," was the woodman's quiet reply.

"You think so, do you?" asked Julian, moving on again.

"Why—look ye," returned Adam, hesitatingly; "I live right atween the earl and my master the baronet, and it might not be good for me to speak ill of a powerful noble. Perhaps the more o' truth I told the worse off I might be."

"Fear not to speak freely to me, good Adam. I know thy situation, and be assured that no lisp of mine shall ever place thee in harm's way."

"Ho—I know'd I could trust thee, only I'd place thee on thy guard. An' now I'll tell thee all I know of this matter, for I've watched the moves as they've been made. The North Sea Rover has hovered around this place for many a day—aye, for many a year—up an' down this coast; and she's put into our little bay sometimes in stress o' weather, or somethin' o' that sort, though I know'd him not then. The first I ever saw of his makin' bold an' free on shore was about a week or so after your mother come to Dame Warrenton's cot. Then I noticed that Grunker came often ashore, an' more than once I saw the earl in conversation with him; but they saw nothin' o' me. An' since then I've seen Sir Thomas with the pirate captain many times. So now you know all I know."

"But not enough," said Julian, in a wondering tone. "There must be a deep meaning here—a meaning deeper than I can fathom."

"I shouldn't 'a' taken the trouble to hail thee, an' tell thee all this if I hadn't 'a' felt that the earl's evil eye was upon thee, Mr. Glendower."

"Now you begin to talk," cried the youth. "Now your thoughts tally with my mother's. You can speak further if you will."

"Nay, nay, my master. Do not mistake me. I come to you with no hidden meaning. When I said I would trust thee I meant just so. An' I've told thee all. If thou'd'st learn more it must be of thy mother. Yet I much fear that harm is meant to both thee and her. That the earl is at the bottom of it I cannot swear. If you must remain at the cot, you cannot be too careful."

"By heaven!" exclaimed the youth, bringing his hands together vehemently, "I'll not leave this place till I know what all this means. If the Earl of Stanbury had a hand in the seizing of my mother, and her incarceration in the old ruin, I will know why it was. I have rights as well as he!"

"But not the power, my master," said Adam, impressively. "Remember that Sir Thomas Cleaveland is almost supreme about here, notwithstanding his youth. If thou'lt take counsel of me thou'lt do nothing rashly. Run not thy head into the lion's den."

"But stand and let him devour me?"

"Nay, nay. The very opposite of that, my master. If thou'rt wise thou'lt flee from him."

"Not from mortal man!" the youth exclaimed, indignantly. "I tell thee, I'll know what this means. I'll to my mother at once, and she shall tell me what she knows."

"Yet thou'lt be on thy guard. Thou'lt be careful," urged Adam, persuasively.

"I will, good Adam."

"Then here I must leave thee," the woodman said, stopping and extending his hand.

Julian took it, and having thanked him for his kindness, he bade him good night, and then started on alone.

Our hero was now in the deepest part of the wood, and over a mile distant from the opening beyond which stood the good dame's cot. Yet he thought not of danger at present, though he girded his sword-belt more closely about him, and lifted his keen weapon half-way from its scabbard, and then shoved it back as though he were prepared. The sun had sunk behind the tall trees, and below the distant hills, and the dew-damp was already in the air. Julian was plodding along, pondering upon the strange mystery that hung about the warnings he had received, when he was startled from his reverie by the sound of footsteps close by, and upon raising his eyes he saw the dusky form of a man in the path before him. He stopped a moment and placed his hand upon his sword-hilt; but what had he to fear from a single man? And so he walked on.

"A fair evening to thee, sir stranger," said a rough voice, as our hero came up.

The latter returned the salutation, and would have passed on, but the other detained him by asking—

"How far is it to Ravendale?"

"About two and a half miles," answered Julian, moving a little upon one side, for he saw that the man wore a seaman's garb, and he felt sure that he had seen him before. He might be one of the pirates.

However, the fellow thanked the youth for his information, and then kept on his way. Julian had gone but a short distance further when his quick ear caught the sound of a footfall behind him, and he stopped and looked back. He fancied that he saw a man dodge behind one of the great trees, but before he could assure himself upon that point his attention was called in a new direction. He heard something in the path ahead of him, and upon turning he saw three men, who appeared to have just emerged from the wood. He now feared that danger was upon him in earnest, and without further hesitation he stopped and drew his sword. These new-comers were also seamen, and our hero had no doubt that they were pirates.

"How fare thee?" asked the foremost of the three, as they approached the spot where the youth stood.

"I fare very well, and would like a clear passage," returned Julian. "I like not to distrust any man, but as I know you not, I would like to have you stand aside and let me pass."

"But we may have business, fair sir. Can you tell me if you ever saw this paper before?"

Julian bent his eyes upon something the man held in his hand, and as he did so one of the others leaped upon him and clasped him about the neck. With the strength of a tiger the youth shook his assailant off, and leaped back against a huge tree.

"Ha, villains, I know thee!" he cried, brandishing his sword before him. "Keep off, or you shall feel the power of this good arm! I shall not strike in vain, nor shall I strike twice upon a man!"

Hardly had the words passed his lips when he was startled by a movement upon his left hand, but before he could turn he received a blow upon the head that felled him to the earth. He remembered that this must have been the man whom he had met a few moments before—he remembered this just as the blow fell—but he remembered no more, save the sense of a shock which came upon him like a lightning-bolt, and a momentary feeling of faintness and sinking, as he lay upon the dewy greensward. All else was shut out. He did not even feel the motion as he was borne away through the wood upon the shoulders of four stout men.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THINK OF THIS SERIOUSLY.—No life can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose, that has accomplished no object—that has realized no hope.

LOVE NOT.

BY MARAH.

Although love is so great a blessing when it is worthily bestowed and fully and generously requited, it is yet the most dangerous and, too often, the most disastrous thing in the constitution of man. Some men have named as strongest one passion and some another, but surely there is no need to dispute on this point, for does not the passion of love rule and even include at various times all others?

Nothing earthly is so delightful as are the emotions caused by love in the unsuspicious and trustful heart of youth. The whole earth and heavens take on new beauty, and all that in them is becomes glorified. In what an elysium of bliss do all the thoughts of youthful lovers swim! They have not been taught the first and hardest lessons of life. They are wandering still upon enchanted ground. They talk little—vows are not common to deeply-loving hearts, before they grow practised in the world's falsehood. They are not needed, nor even thought of. Heart trusts in heart. Love flashes back and forth its sweet convictions, as, in summer evenings, cloud flashes back to cloud its silent light.

There is shyness, and blushing, and trembling, and sweet confusion—there is sighing, and smiling, and whispering—there are revelations of unknown and seemingly new-created thoughts and sensations—there are ten thousand thrills of pleasure—there are intoxications of delight before undreamed of; but there are no doubts, or shudderings, or fears. It is "Beulah," and "the time of the singing of turtles has come." Alas! that along the edge of this land of rapture should be booming the waves of the cold river of the bitterness of—*life;* real, naked, dusty, barren life. And ten thousand times ten thousand are they who are led or driven forth from among the rose-gardens of Beulah, to wander, with disenchanted and withering hearts, across the waste of life—a sea where some go down—a desert, where some scorch, and choke, and die.

To those who are true to each other comes many a keen and bitter disappointment; for the taking of the whole happiness of one human being from his own control and placing it in the hands and at the disposal of another, is, at the very best, a hazardous and fearful business; but this is what *love* does. Few, *very* few are they who deal faithfully and kindly by such a trust—yet some strive thus to deal. But oh! where for his transient pleasure one has consented to move the deepest feelings, and draw out the most powerful and tender affections of a confiding heart, and then has left it to prey upon itself and to break, die, or harden, as the case may be, what wretchedness and ruin he causes. He is not merely answerable for the anguish of a heart that for years, and perhaps through a whole lifetime, aches with wearing pain, but to his charge will be laid all the distrust, the unbelief, the bitterness of spirit, and the despondency, that his conduct has induced. One who has leaned with the confidence of youth upon any love only to be pierced, as with a poisoned spear thereby, can never be *what he would have been* but for that cruel wrong.

And this is so common an experience that it seems as if the young ought to be warned never to love at all. The risk is truly too fearful to be so freely run. Tremble, ye warm-hearted youth, when ye feel the first motions of that gentle, but silent enemy within your breasts. Resist him, or your chances are, ten to one, everlasting disquiet and inevitable distress. When one sweet face begins to haunt you hang a black cloth over it, and go your ways—better to have the pall upon that treacherous face than over your own heart.

We sometimes talk about the cruelty of tigers and other beasts of prey. They are but doves and lambs compared to what those sweet, haunting faces oftentimes become; cover them quickly with a thick, heavy pall, if you would not have youth and hope die within you, and sorrow drink your life-blood day by day.

THE FOLLY AND MALICE OF MANKIND.

One finds out the folly and malice of mankind by the impertinence of friends—by their professions of service and tenders of advice—by their fears for your reputation and anticipation of what the world may say of you; by which means they suggest objections to your enemies, and at the same time absolve themselves from the task of justifying your errors, by having warned you of the consequences—by the care with which they tell you ill-news, and conceal from you any flattering circumstance—by their dread of your engaging in any creditable attempt, and mortification, if you succeed—by the difficulties and hindrances they throw in your way—by their lukewarmness in defending, by their readiness in betraying you—by the high standard by which they try you, and to which you can hardly ever come up—by their forwardness to partake your triumphs, by their backwardness to share your disgrace—by their acknowledgement of your errors out of candor, and suppression of your good qualities out of envy—by their not contradicting, or by their joining in the cry against you, lest they too should become objects of the same abuse—by their playing the game into your adversaries' hands, by always letting their imaginations take part with their cowardice, their vanity and selfishness against you; and thus realizing or hastening all the ill consequences they affect to deplore, by spreading abroad that very spirit of distrust, obloquy, and hatred, which they predict will be excited against you!

ETERNITY.

What is this life but a circulation of little, mean actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again; and then the circle returns. We spend the day in trifles, and when the night comes, we throw ourselves into the bed of folly amongst dreams, and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations. Our reason lies asleep with us, and we are for the time arrant brutes, as those that sleep in the stalls, or in the field. Are not the capacities of man higher than these? and ought not his ambition and expectations to be greater? Let us be adventurers for another world. It is at least a fair and noble chance; and is there nothing in this worth our thoughts and our passions? If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow mortals; and, if we succeed in our expectations, we are eternally happy.

A WISE ANSWER.

"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent.

"But, ma, I like her, she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as prettily as ever I do; and she has lots of toys."

"I cannot help that, my dear," responded the foolish aristocrat, "her father is a shoemaker."

"But I don't play with her father, I play with her; *she* ain't a shoemaker."

THE UNIVERSAL BEVERAGE.

BY M. S.

I've drained the sparkling wine-cup, I've quaff'd the flowing bowl,
I've drank of every vintage, from Schiraz to the pole;
From Schloss Johannesberger, the glory of the Rhine,
To prime imperial Tokay, that fam'd Hungarian wine;
With the sherry sack of Shakspeare, from Xere's vine-clad land,
And the rosy grape, that blushes on sweet Madeira's strand.

Yes, I've bath'd my lips in each ecstatic wine
That gushes from the golden grape, or the Tyrian purple vine,
That flashes from the sunbeams, with hues of crimson bright,
Or sparkles in my glass, with rays of dazzling light.
But the sparkling di'mond water that gushes from the spring,
Is a beverage more befitting the peasant or the king;
It never raises fever, the pulse beats free and calm,
And the aching temples it can soothe like Gilead's blessed balm;
It comes pouring on the throbbing, the feverish, burning brain,
And like the precious dew of Hermon quick relieves us of our pain.
Take, take away the poison'd cup, bring me the chalice pure,
Fresh from the crystal fountain, for ev'ry ill a cure.

DREAMS AND REALITIES;

OR,

ADELAIDE SINGLETON'S HAPPINESS.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"Here's a letter from sister Sophy, my dear, would you like to read it?" said Mr. Singleton.

The family were sitting round their breakfast-table, in the elegant dining-room of their house in —— Square, in the very heart of Upper Tendom. The postman had just left a number of letters at the door, which the waiter had brought in. Each member of the family had one or more of these missives to discuss with the toast and tea, and various nice things which made up the breakfast.

Mrs. Singleton looked up rather impatiently from the letter she was reading, when her husband addressed her. If there had not been "such a love of a shawl" at ———'s, which she meant to secure by coaxing a thousand dollars from her husband's purse that morning, she probably would have given an impatient answer. As it was, with an air of well-bred indifference, she merely raised her glass to her eye, and glanced at the letter which he laid before her—a huge sheet of foolscap, covered all over with cramped, irregular writing.

"How is your sister?" she said. "Her letter is very long, and I am in a hurry to go out. Can't you tell me what she writes?"

Mr. Singleton took up the letter again. He wished his wife had read it, but he seldom opposed her will in anything. So he answered, quietly—

"She gives me a glowing account of her western home, and speaks with all a mother's pride of her sons; I remember they were fine, handsome little boys when I last saw them, in the old homestead in Connecticut, twenty years ago. She says she would be very glad to have us make her a visit, and invites Adelaide to come and spend a year with her, and—oh, yes, here it is; she says, 'give my love to your wife and Adelaide, and tell Adelaide that if she will come and spend a year with us, here on the prairies, we will warrant her a fresher color and a more elastic frame than any city lady ever boasted. Won't she come?'"

Mrs. Singleton could hardly repress an angry exclamation, but the toss of her head was significant of her feelings. Miss Adelaide, who had just finished the perusal of a half-dozen tiny, perfumed sheets, in the handwriting of her most intimate friend and constant correspondent in Philadelphia, now raised her head, and very languidly began to take an interest in the conversation.

"What are you saying about me, papa?" said this young lady—a sentimental blonde, with a dreamy languor in her large blue eyes, with a willowy figure and light drooping curls, and clad in a morning costume which could only be described as consisting of long, floating draperies of snowy muslin, and a profusion of lace trimmings, and knots and streamers of blue ribband. "Who has sent me an invitation?"

"Your Aunt Sophy, child. My only sister, who went to Illinois before you were born, and whom you have never seen."

"Aunt Sophy, papa! Of course you have told me about her a great many times. Why can we not all go and visit her this summer?" she asked, with a faint show of animation; and added, lifting her eyes to the ceiling, and then allowing the veined lids to droop mournfully over them: "Oh, I am wearied with the hollow vanities of the great world. Newport and Saratoga are but names for heartless dissipation, and never in those haunts of fashion can I meet a kindred soul, or commune unmolested with Nature."

"What are you talking about, Addie?" said her mother, sharply. "Who was wild to go to Newport last summer? Who so fond of gaiety as yourself, until you took to moonlight rambles with that Horace Waterton, the poet; and began to read poetry, and sigh, and cast up your eyes after that silly sentimental fashion. I did hope that when Horace Waterton never came near us after our return to the city, and shortly after married the rich Miss Anderson, who was so fat and ugly that every one knew that it was only her money he loved, you would come to your senses, and behave becomingly, and like a reasonable creature again."

"Why, what is the matter, my dear? What are you scolding Addie about?" said Mr. Singleton.

"I am weary of her sentimental nonsense, Mr. Singleton. She actually prefers to stay at home and dream over some book of poetry, to going into society. She looks five years older than she did last summer; her health is failing; and, with all my efforts, I shall never be able to secure an eligible match for her unless she comes to her senses soon."

"Is it my fault, mamma," commenced Adelaide, in a quavering voice, "that the dreams of my youth have faded, and that, in the midst of all its fresh hopes, my heart has been left desolate to wither unpitied——"

"Now you *are* talking nonsense, Addie," said Mr. Singleton. "I really think a journey would do you good. So, if you and your mother can get ready, I think we will start in two or three weeks for a visit to Aunt Sophy."

"But, Mr. Singleton," commenced his wife, "at this season of the year—impossible! What can you be thinking of?"

"Thinking that I shall go to visit my sister. I shall like to have you accompany me; but, at any rate, I am determined that Addie shall go"

Mrs. Singleton felt that there was rebellion in her household, but it was her policy not to heed its incipient manifestations. So she only said—

"Very well, my dear; we will take the matter into consideration," and then followed her husband from the room, and drew him into the library. What the process was by which the amount she desired was transferred from her husband's pocket-book to her little silver porte-monaie I know not. But when did Mrs. Singleton fail to accomplish her purpose!

The sentimental Adelaide, as soon as her parents were gone, removed the embroidered handkerchief from her face, and sat up to the table. She called for coffee and a fresh egg; and, really, for one of her ethereal nature, one who avowed that she at times forgot the claims of the material in seeking to supply the higher cravings of the spiritual nature, she contrived to make a very substantial meal.

Mr. Singleton, for once, had his way. Adelaide declared that she "longed to escape from the crowded haunts of fashionable life, and to sojourn for a time with nature's denizens." She prattled of the charms of rural life, and really showed more animation in prospect of her journey than had been visible upon her fair, but almost expressionless face, since the marriage of Horace Waterton. Mrs. Singleton announced that she took the journey on account of Adelaide's health, and carefully kept out of mention the beautiful presents with which Mr. Singleton had won her compliance.

At length the preparations were complete, and Aunt Sophy having been duly notified of their coming, the party started from home on a glorious morning in May. Adelaide had provided herself with two or three volumes of poetry (so called) before she left home. These and the grand scenery of the Hudson, the beautiful villages through which they passed upon the railroad, the grandeur of the great lakes, and the various romantic incidents of the journey, as she declared, so fed and satisfied her spiritual nature, that she had no thought for the physical, and was utterly unconscious of discomfort or fatigue. Her parents, being made of coarser clay, were dreadfully wearied ere their long journey ended; and when, on the fifth day, an hour before sunset, they arrived at the station nearest to Aunt Sophy's home, they were heartily glad to learn that the place of their destination was distant but an hour's ride across the prairie, and to find a tall, sun-burned young farmer, who announced himself as their nephew, Harry Somers, awaiting them with his mother's carriage. Even Mrs. Singleton returned the young man's cordial greeting kindly, but Adelaide shrunk before his loud voice and brusque manner, and she examined her little fingers curiously, to see if they retained their shape after the strong clasp of his great palm.

She began to think these "denizens of the haunts of nature" must be very coarse and unrefined, and to feel sure that she could never be happy with them. But, as the party rode across the broad, and seemingly pathless, prairie, in the slanting rays of the western sun, she quite forgot, in the strange, unique beauty of the scene, all her fears and disappointments. As far as the eye could reach stretched the broad, undulating plain, verdant and flower-gemmed. Never had she seen anything so beautiful, while its vast extent and billowy surface imparted sensations of grandeur similar to those she had felt while gazing upon the ocean. She leant out of the carriage absorbed in the view, while her mother reclined on the soft cushions, and her father talked with cousin Harry about crops, and fertilizers, and farming matters generally, making, by virtue of reminiscences of his boyish residence on the rocky, old home-farm in Connecticut, rather a small number of mistakes for a citizen.

At length the red farm-house, which, with its out-buildings, had seemed, a little before, but a speck upon the prairie, was reached. Aunt Sophy, a tall, dark woman, whom the hardships of pioneer life had passed lightly, and who, at fifty was far more comely than most American matrons at forty, stood upon the porch, ready to meet them with a sister's joy, added to the cordial Western welcome. Her two younger sons had not yet returned from the field, but before the party were ready to sit down to the excellent supper provided, they came in. Hale, hearty youths, much like their elder brother in mien and voice, dressed in the coarse garments of toilers, with hardened hands, and stout frames, and browned faces, they were excellent representatives of stalwart manhood. Honest and simple, with no tricks of expression, and practicing no refinements of manner except those that every genuine nature learns from its own innate kindliness, they were truly gentlemen, because their hearts taught them real politeness. Mr. Singleton met them with gladness—they brought back memories of his own boyhood, and its rustic scenes and enjoyments; but Mrs. Singleton and the delicate Adelaide, unable yet to see the true gold of their sturdy, honest natures, could not help shrinking a little, even from their courtesies.

Nevertheless the visit passed pleasantly. Two weeks were all that Mr. Singleton could spare from the exigencies of business, and he made preparations for his departure at the close of that period. Then it was announced that Adelaide had yielded to Aunt Sophy's entreaties, and would remain with her at least until autumn.

Mr. Singleton, who really wished his daughter to remain, feeling sure that not only her physical but her spiritual health would be improved by a residence with nature and genuine men and women, unperverted by conventionalities, or the strifes and follies of fashion, and had watched the progress of her acquaintanceship with her aunt and cousins, was not surprised at this determination. Like a wise man, however, he said nothing of all this, but only met his wife's complainings by asking her how the change in Adelaide's feelings had been brought about.

"Indeed I cannot tell, Mr. Singleton, unless Harry's library has wrought it. He can talk of books and poetry as well and more entertainingly than even Mr. Waterton did. He seems to feel and appreciate what he has read, and he interests Adelaide. Then she is amused with everything about her—follows Aunt Sophy from kitchen to dining-room and dairy, and feeds the fowls, and likes to see the cows milked. She says it is nature. But if that is the nature she admires, I can only say I wonder at her tastes."

"Well, my dear, I think her sentimentality will vanish here. Our friends are so genuine and honest in all their feelings, that she will soon learn the difference between true and false raptures over the things they admire in common. Besides, Aunt Sophy is a capital nurse, as well as a woman of the soundest practical sense."

"I have no doubt her health will improve, and if it does I think she will be ashamed of the nonsense she has indulged in the past year. My only fear is that she will burn her fair face and spoil her hands in imitating some of Aunt Sophy's doings, or, worst of all, fall in love with one of her coarse, boorish cousins."

"I hope no worse fate may befall her," thought Mr. Singleton, but he wisely refrained from putting his thought into words. "If she were worthy of the love of a true man like Harry Somers, how gladly would I give her to him."

Adelaide had been three months at Prairie Farm, and her mother's fears, at least in one respect, were verified. She wrote to her friend in Philadelphia:

"Will you believe me, dear Nell, when I tell you that I am up every morning before sunrise? Yes; I see the morning redness of the sky, and watch the flush rising up from the horizon and deepening toward the zenith, where it melts first into glorious topaz tints, and then to the faintest sapphire. Then the sun comes up above the far verge of the prairie, just as the poets describe its rising from the ocean. Oh, I assure you, it is worth a thousand journeys into prairie-land to see one sunrise!

"But I have little time to gaze upon it, for I put on my thick shoes—actually thick shoes! for fear of the dew, and my broad straw hat, and take the pan full of the chickens' breakfast, and go out to feed them; for by that time they are 'piping,' pitifully. And they have quite learned to know me. As I come back I generally meet Cousin Harry, coming from the farm-yard, in his snowy shirt-sleeves, and old straw hat—only imagine such a costume in a lady's presence! He poises a brimming pail of milk in either hand, and James follows with a like burden, while Ralph is heard shouting to the cows as he drives them away to the pasture. Harry and I have always something pretty to say to each other—some line of poetry, or quotation from some book, or remark upon the beauty and freshness of the morning. By the time we reach the house breakfast is ready, and you would exclaim if you could see with what an appetite I devour Aunt Sophy's corn cakes, and nice coffee, and ruby ham.

"Speaking of breakfast reminds me that yesterday morning I actually got breakfast ready with my own hands for Cousin Harry, who has gone to Chicago on business. He was to start very early, and I stole down as soon as I heard Bridget in the kitchen, and when he appeared equipped for the journey, I had a cup of smoking coffee and a plate of rice waffles—that he said 'couldn't be beat'—all ready for him. What do you think of that?

"Cousin Harry, though only a farmer, is very well educated, and has a mind richly stored with knowledge. He does not attempt to appear any different from his real nature, but every day discloses to me some new trait so genuinely excellent and noble, that I honor him more and more continually; and though I have been here but three months, which seem very short to me because I have been so happy, I feel that the time spent here has been almost the only time of my life not utterly mis-spent.

"I see the carriage returning from the station, whither James went to meet his brother at noon. Harry has returned; and we shall have so much to talk about, that I can write no more to-night."

Late in the autumn, when Mrs. Singleton wrote anxiously and peremptorily for her return, Adelaide answered thus:

"You tell me, dear mother, that I shall not survive the horrors of the long, lonely winter upon the prairies. Oh, mother, could you know how happily, how joyously the days speed away in this quiet nook, you would never imagine where I could find time for loneliness. Aunt Sophy has been confined to her arm-chair for several weeks with an attack of rheumatism. Then I was housekeeper; and you should have seen me in my white holland apron, with sleeves rolled above my elbows, kneading bread, and working butter, and sweeping and dusting, and actually cooking the dinners. For, as Aunt Sophy says, 'though Bridget performs all the heavy drudgery of the house admirably, she is not to be trusted with such work as making bread, and butter, and cooking the food upon which our health and comfort so much depends.

"Every few days I go out with one of the boys—mostly with Harry—on a gunning expedition. Harry shoots the prairie fowl, while I gather the autumn flowers which gem the prairie as thickly, if not as brightly, as did those of spring, when I first beheld it. You cannot imagine how different these prairie fowl taste, when dressed, from those in the city. I have learned to cook them, and Honora must learn of me when I come home. I wish, mother, you could taste my bread, too, and the delicious pies and cakes which Aunt Sophy has taught me to make. Say what you will, mother, I believe I have found my true vocation at last. All the old restlessness and discontent—which once drove me to such ridiculous extravagances, that I now blush to think of them—have vanished. My dreams of nature and of the delights of living naturally have also vanished. In their place have come the realities of nature and a life in accordance with her laws, which are beyond expression more beautiful and worthful than those foolish visions of my days of sentimentality.

"But you ask me to tell you what I propose to do to kill time this winter, when shut up here in a lonely farm-house, without society or any of my accustomed resources. I will tell you. Harry, as you know, has a library—an extensive one for a country house. It is admirably selected, and he is constantly adding to it. Now I have found so many things to occupy time and attention all the summer and autumn, that I have read but little, so that the library is still a new field for me. Harry and I have planned a course of systematic reading, and besides that, he is to give me Latin and Greek enough to help me to understand the construction of my own language, while I am to teach him French and Italian, and then we will study German together, taking the smattering I got at Madame Chegary's as a foundation. We have Dante and Tasso, and Corneille and Racine, and Goethe and Schiller, in their respective languages, for our winter's reading. And I must say that if we get through with half we have planned, and I help Aunt Sophy at her quilting and sausage-making, and Harry attends to the threshing and takes care of the cattle, while Ralph and James are away at school, and we take all the sleigh-rides we talk about, I shall have very little time to feel lonely, or to think about myself at all. But I expect to be happier than ever I have been in my life."

Mrs. Singleton answered this letter with one of indignant remonstrance, but, contrary to her olden custom, Adelaide did not retort. Her father had given his hearty consent to her plan of remaining through the winter, and she begged her mother would kindly allow her to follow out the employments that promised her so much more happiness than the round of fashionable amusements to which she wished her to return.

Mrs. Singleton was forced to yield a consent which she saw could not be avoided, but she did it most ungraciously, while all winter she was tormented by visions of her fair daughter bending over the bewildering pages of some impassioned song of love, and learning *its* language from the dark eyes beside her, as well as the soft syllables of the sweetest of modern languages. Spring brought a letter that proved that her fears had been prophetic. It was directed, in Harry's bold handwriting, to Mr. Singleton.

"My dear uncle," it read, "I write to ask at your hands the most precious gift you can bestow. Adelaide has given me her heart—of you I ask her hand. A year ago, neither of us was attracted to the other; but these twelve months of constant intercourse, while they have wrought great changes in both, have developed an attraction that is stronger than life. Were you to separate us by hundreds of leagues of sea and land, we should still dwell together in spirit, for our souls have been growing all these months into an indissoluble union. We love each other intensely and truly, and we wish to spend our lives together.

"You know what I am—a plain farmer—not ashamed of a vocation the oldest on earth. I know little of the world, or great aggregates of humanity. I know nature in all her moods; I would not wrong the meanest thing that crawls on the green earth, or burrows in its depths. I love my mother, my brothers—and Adelaide more than all, except my Father in Heaven. If all I am and can bestow can make her happy, she shall be so through life. If sorrow comes I shall share it, and, if I may, lighten it. She will do the same for me. Will you give her to me?"

And Adelaide wrote:

"My father, when you have read Harry's letter I hope your heart will prompt you to send him such an answer as will make us both happy. But, lest it may not, I wish to assure you that all he has written is strictly true. I wish to spend my life with him, here in his country home—for Aunt Sophy has given it to us, or to Harry, which is the same, unless you refuse our request. I wish you and my dear mother to lay aside any ambitions you may have had for me, and be assured that my highest ambition will be satisfied in having Harry Somers for my husband. Nothing on earth is above, or more noble than a true man, and Harry is a true man. If I should leave him to-day, forever, my life and my eternity would be happier and better for the months of intercourse between his lofty spirit and my weak one. Father, persuade my mother to consent to our marriage cheerfully—oh, how happy she would make us by doing so.

"Aunt Sophy bids me say that I am already the daughter of her heart, and she hopes you will give me to her to be her daughter in reality. Do not keep us in suspense, father, but write at once."

Mr. Singleton was secretly pleased with the proposed marriage. He felt, with his daughter, that nothing on earth is nobler than a true man. But one so utterly worldly as Mrs. Singleton found it hard to recognize the divinity beneath a rough and plain exterior. The gods she worshiped had shrines of gold, and she had never knelt at Nature's altars. But, for the second time in her life, she found herself in a decided minority. She yielded her consent with an even worse grace than she had done to Adelaide's plan of spending the winter at Prairie-farm.

Adelaide returned home. A year had made a marked improvement in her health and spirits, as might have been seen by the roses in her cheeks, her elastic step, and the energy with which she set about preparing for the great change before her. Rejecting the advice of her fashionable friends, of whom her mother was chief, she ordered everything, from her wardrobe to the minutest housekeeping article, with a practical good sense that adopted all to her situation as a farmer's wife.

Her wardrobe was modest; but half the money which had been assigned for that went for the purchase of books for Harry's library, and a few fine pictures and engravings for the walls of the new house which was building close beside Aunt Sophy's home.

In early Autumn Harry came to claim his bride. There was a quiet wedding beneath her father's roof, and the young pair started at once for their western home. It was a glorious autumn afternoon when they rode across the prairie, and came in sight of their cluster of buildings, rising like an island from the verdant expanse. Adelaide laid her hand upon her husband's arm.

"Do you know, dear Harry, that that is the most beloved spot the whole broad world contains for me?"

"Why is it so, my dear? I see that it is beautiful, and, because it is to be our home, my heart pronounces it 'good.'"

"Good it is, indeed, dear husband, and precious above all other places, for there I found my life's deepest joy. There I came out of the vague, dim realm of discontented dreams, and emerged into the broad day of realities. Yonder, in my father's house, I dreamed of happiness, here I shall know what happiness is in its fullest fruition."

"IMPUDENT TO MOTHER."

BY CLARA SYDNEY

"Mother, I say I *will have* that pink hat, and my new dress *shall* be made to trail, just as Kate Trevor's does; and that steel-hooped skirt I will have before Sunday!"

So declared Miss Upstart, with a determined and impudent air, to her pale and worried looking mother.

"You know, child," was the reply, "that your father will not approve of my allowing you to dress yourself out in such a style. He is not able to buy so many new things for you so often as you require them. And then I do not wish *you* to sweep the streets just because other foolish girls do. Why can't you have some judgment, my child, or at least some consideration for your mother's wishes."

Miss sat in a big, stuffed chair, with her elbows on its arms, and her little feet tap, tap, tapping the floor; her pretty, blue morning dress falling open in front, displayed a finely embroidered skirt; small, white hands, too soft ever to have had much acquaintance with broom or brush, were lying idle, and her head, all glossy with its smoothly combed hair, leaned against the back of the chair.

She eyed her mother almost scornfully, and indeed one would have thought that the woman who *stood* before the luxuriant miss was her servant (as in fact she was) instead of her mother.

Tired already from overwork—hurrying to get husband and sons comfortably fed and off to business—the feeble woman couldn't think of taking time to attend much to her personal appearance. She had a hundred things to do before dinnertime, and no help could she expect from Miss Whitehands.

Look at the mother's hands! Poor hands!—worked out of shape by laboring early and late, summer and winter, for her family. How many hours of former toil had been cheered by pleasant hopes of the time when the little girl trotting about her, playing all day long, would just as cheerfully aid her loving mother.

But that dear daughter had grown into a selfish and saucy creature, who seemed to care for her parents only for what she could force out of them. She would not, without more trouble than the work was worth, touch a single thing about the house; all she wanted was to dress up, and flaunt up and down the streets, to "see the girls," and if the whole truth were told—the men.

When her mother remonstrated with her for any of her follies, she received impudence for her pay, as in the case above given.

Then, viewing the weary looking figure before her, the girl replied to the gentle appeal of her mother:

"Well, I mean to have what things I need; and I mean to have my own clothes made to suit myself. I *wouldnt be seen* in such duds as *you* wear. I do wish you'd go and put something decent on if you are going to stay in here."

"I wish, Lucilla, that you would not always dress up so mornings. If you would only put on something that you could work in, and would come and help me a while mornings, then perhaps I could fix myself up a little, and have some chance to rest."

"You might rest enough, and fix yourself up enough, too, if you'd a mind to. You always *would* work, and go looking any way. I believe you love to do so; but you never need to think I'll be like you, for I never will."

"I'm afraid you won't be like anybody that is what she should be," said the poor mother, in a desponding tone, going out to the kitchen. They were not able to hire help.

"Mother! mother!" screamed Upstart, "I've got your purse, and am going down town after that hat."

"No, no—you must not have it; it is too high priced, and you don't need *any* new hat now."

"I will have it, I say. Now you needn't say another word against it. That's the way you *always* do when I want anything. I declare you are too bad. But I am going."

Experience had taught the wicked girl that she had but to be violent, resolute, and *quick* in her operations, to be always measurably sure that they would be successful. So down she went, and she bought the hat. She had the beautiful new silk made too long for her. She had the new skirt which made a balloon of her; and then she strutted up and down and up the streets, an object for the disapproving remarks of the town. Every one knew her father's circumstances, and how hard he had to work to support his family. The mother was greatly blamed for not obliging the foolish girl to stay in doors more, and employ herself about something useful.

The young men made sport of her—yes, even the very one upon whom she had set her affections—what she had of them—did this. He was very willing to make *her* think that he admired her, but to his mates he spoke in the most disrespectful terms of her character and her conduct.

Thus it usually is. Girls are pretty certain to get wofully paid for ill-treating or disobeying their mothers—their very kindest, most deeply loving earthly friends. Probably there never yet was a young girl who, at her mother's expense, set up to be a lady, who was not seen completely through and most heartily despised, even by the very persons for the sake of whose admiration she was straining herself and squeezing her parents half to death.

But *no matter what hardships overtake a girl who ill-uses her mother.* If she meets with trouble which breaks her heart, and kills her body, it may bring her to repentance for her ingratitude, and be the means of the salvation of her soul.

THE TWO RAREST THINGS.

The two rarest things to be met with are good sense and good nature. For one man who judges right, there are twenty who can say good things; as there are numbers who will serve you or do you friendly actions, for one who really wishes you well. It has been said, and often repeated, that "mere good-nature is a fool;" but I think that the dearth of sound sense, for the most part, proceeds from the want of a real, unaffected interest in things, except as they re-act upon ourselves. The narrowness of the heart warps the understanding, and makes us weigh objects in the scales of our self-love, instead of those of truth and justice. We consider not the merits of the case, or what is due to others, but the manner in which our own credit or consequence will be affected; and adapt our opinions and conduct to the last of these rather than to the first. The judgment is seldom wrong where the feelings are right; and they generally are so, provided they are warm and sincere. He who intends others well, is likely to advise them for the best; he who has any cause at heart, seldom ruins it by his imprudence. Those who play the public or their friends slippery tricks, have in secret no objection to betray them.

ASK.

"Ask," says Scripture, "and it shall be given you." Never be ashamed to ask for assistance if you really need it. The pride that could lead one to starve, or to misfortune, rather than sue for help, is not an honest one. A poor young man of considerable genius was engaged to a beautiful lady. He had not a dollar—she possessed a million.

"How in the world," queried one of his acquaintances, "how is it that you have secured such an alliance?"

The young man laughed heartily for a moment, then becoming serious, turned to his companion, saying:

"I'll tell you what, friend John, '*there's many a good thing lost by not asking for it.*'"

Now, though we do not recommend poor young men to marry rich wives, but rather to proceed on the contrary method, still we say, both to young men and maidens, both to old men and wise, (emphasizing with the forefinger,) "*there's many a good thing lost by not asking for it.*"

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The custom of solemnizing the marriage ceremony in the church is rapidly gaining ground in the community. Although we do not surround our altars of religion with the superstitious awe of former ages, their influence is not disregarded. If we do not reverence the church building, we at least appreciate the purpose to which it is dedicated and set apart.

Marriage is a solemn event, and if its solemnity were more generally realized, it would receive more of the serious consideration which its importance claims. Where then, better than in the church, whither we carry our best thoughts, can the impressive ceremony be performed?

BEWARE OF IDLENESS.

This is the time of year when indolence is esteemed a luxury; but by all means avoid its flatteries and its promises, and do not stop "doing something" as long as you are awake.

When the devil has any odd job to do, he always looks about for some idle man to do it; and whenever any great crime has been perpetrated, the police—sagacious fellows!—invariably look among the idle and dissolute to find the criminal. Persons who are always usefully employed, are never troubled by the man with the club and the "star," and have no occasion to whistle their courage up.

Traveling, now-a-days, consists in living on railways, and sleeping at hotels.

That's so; and there will be a great deal of such "traveling" during the ensuing three months,—and all for "health." Well, we suppose it is necessary that there should be some fools in the world.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

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A THOUSAND BLESSINGS ON THE WORKERS!

Small indeed would be our intellectual triumphs when subduing the brute forces of Nature and endowing them with human capabilities, if the steamer, the railroad and the telegraph were but the procurers of material blessings. In our eyes, these are the very least of their offspring. It is the moral splendor which, in time, they must throw over the world that thrills the heart and elevates the soul. What are these mighty implements, and this wonderful subjection to man of the rude matter, but the basis of a grand and holy Future? For the full development of the moral and mental powers, we must have physical appliances: the body must be clothed; the system must be nourished; the head must be sheltered from the elements—and all these without a toil that consumes the whole of the waking hours: such labor leaves no time for moral and mental cultivation. From Science walking in practical paths, this time is gained. It is only when every mountain has been subdued; every ocean mastered; every desert reclaimed and imparadised with floral beauty—in a word, when the whole Earth kneels like a tamed creature before the sinewy hand and godlike brow of Humanity; that our Race can walk in its fullest robes and wear its most gorgeous diadem.

Then a thousand blessings on the workers! Honor to him who is delving there in the heart of the stubborn mountain! soon shall the light of God gleam through a magnificent tunnel. Honor to him who is smoothing the physical asperities of yonder district! Soon shall the giant of steam thunder over his iron pathway, bearing wealth and intelligence in his mighty hands. Honor to those who are enriching ocean with the telegraph that shall unite worlds! soon shall the words of commerce, friendship and love be flashing through the *fathomed* deeps. Who cannot see in all this tremendous physical energy and its grand results—a victory over time, and place, and matter—the erection of a vast platform for that temple of Peace and Righteousness sung by a thousand bards, foretold by hosts of prophets, and promised by the Father of all? What a heavenly vision! Man at last holds at will the elements in his hand; every ocean is bridged; every desert is sparkling with floral gems; every mountain top glitters with the banner of civilization—man *is* the monarch of the earth, and he has learned that Peace is the interest of nations: War slumbers on his dinted shield forever.

THE SACK OF LUCKNOW.

The English papers are filled with accounts of the treasures "sacked" at Lucknow by the "gallant British army." One private soldier robbed a native lady of a superb diamond necklace, supposed to be worth $500,000. Some had filled their knapsacks with gold and jewels. Others had plundered defenceless women of costly silks and embroidered cashmere shawls of marvelous beauty and value. If a woman so far forgot what was due to "British valor" as to attempt to keep possession of her purse, her wardrobe or her jewels, a thrust with a British bayonet, or a stab with a British dagger, soon mended her manners, and taught survivors the respect due from Hindoo barbarism to English civilization. We do not mean to say that the British troops acted worse at the sack of Lucknow than French, or Austrian, or American, or any other soldiers, inflamed with horrid tales of the butchery of their country women, and maddened by the rage of battle, would have done. It is one of the curses of war that it transforms angels into demons, and men into brutes.

YACHTING.

The public spirit of our country has recently been much stirred in regard to yachting and the merits of our sea craft. We have had many races up and down the bay; and at last a trial trip around Long Island, whereat many have opened their eyes wide with astonishment. We now propose a race from New York to Liverpool. *That* would be something worth talking about. How many of our bold sailor boys will enter their yachts for a run across the Atlantic? Who will take the initiative and bring the "squadron" up to the scratch? Should such a race come off, we will furnish the winner of it with LEDGERS as long as he lives—at the regular retail or subscription price.

ELOPEMENTS.

Several elopements, of a peculiarly interesting character, have occurred in different parts of the country within a recent period, the "young ladies" who eloped being, in every case, *under fifteen years of age, and the daughters of rich parents.* We think that a man who would inveigle a mere child of fourteen years, from her home, or from a boarding-school, and marry her against the wishes of her parents, must be a most consummate villain at heart. There should be some legal safeguard thrown around the female children of the land that would save them from such designing knaves.

AMUSEMENTS.

We believe that man was created for amusement as well as for toil. The character of his senses is libeled by any other conclusion. The capacities of curiosity, wonder, and humor are as evidently intended for recreation as for soberer use. There are in all nature comic and amusing as well as serious and instructive aspects. Indeed, the comic and amusing are not necessarily uninstructive. The orang-outang is no small satire on man, while the comical monkey suggets how close resemblance to a beast a bushman of the Cape of Good Hope would be, if the latter only had a caudal extremity

But while we acknowledge man's natural adaptitudes for amusement, and the parallels thereto in the world of nature, we are opposed to the encouragement of other than rational and innocent amusements. By rational, we mean such as are not a waste and dissipation of time and faculties; and by innocent, such as are not belittling or depraving. For legitimate amusements, as defined by a sound morality, we go heart and hand. All athletic amusements, that tend to develop the physical man; all competitive amusements, that stimulate better effort and higher ambition all spectacular and descriptive amusements, that end to elevate or happify the mind, or that incuicate more morality than they sacrifice. Dancing at home, the gymnasium, riding, boating, the pic-nic, conversation parties, holiday sports, the concert, the lecture, the ball-play, cricket, and many other forms of amusement, we regard as legitimate and conducive of good—though some of these may be greatly perverted and abused.

But all gaming, all race courses as at present conducted, the public ball-room with its vulgar polkas and seductive waltzes, the theatre of the "modern drama," and the various low places of resort, these are in the main a moral abomination which no amount of sophistry and casuistry can make respectable! Of all these, because of its universality, the theatre is perhaps the most demoralizing of public amusements. It is all very well to argue that it *might have been* and *was designed* to be a moral and instructive exhibition, and so it might, but never was—in modern eyes at least—and now

"Such things are acted there as make the devils blush,
And angels and righteous men turn pale."

We all need, and especially the young, to be thoughtful and morally select in our amusements. The higher our recreation, the lighter and purer will be our hearts and minds. No vicious or vulgar amusement ever added to man's real welfare. Diversion that has no end or aim beyond time-killing and gratifying our grosser senses and passions, is bad for the individual and for society. At the risk of being thought and called puritanical, let parents see to it that their children's amusements are rational and innocent. It will save misery and disgrace in after-years.

OUR ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Little matters of daily occurrence are of greater importance in social life than great matters of rare occurrence; and personal behavior in trifles is, perhaps, more than anything else, productive of the greatest amount of social and domestic pleasure and pain. Hence the reason why we devote so much space to "Answers to Correspondents," and why that department of our paper is so popular. Many young and old ladies and gentlemen are exceedingly anxious to know what is good behavior and what is not. It is often a subject of very serious controversy, amongst young ladies particularly, to determine whether this, that, or t'other mode of behavior is the most fashionable. We have heard many interesting discussions respecting the picking of bones at table, for instance—whether or not it was allowable to take the bone in your hands, and pick it with your teeth; or whether you might not take hold of it with the left hand, and pick or scrape it with the knife; or whether it was a very rude thing indeed to take hold of the bone at all with your hand. In respect to social manners, to dress, and personal demeanor at table, in the dining-room, or drawing-room; in sitting or walking, riding in a carriage, or lolling on a sofa; in sitting down, or rising from a seat; or holding a knife and fork, or in using a spoon; in wearing a cap, or bonnet, or vail, or "a fall," as some unpoetical people denominate the vail; we say, in respect to these points, and many more which it would be tedious to enumerate, young people are frequently in trouble, and write us. Now, to some of our staid, old-fashioned readers, we have no doubt some of the subjects discussed in the Correspondence department appear light and trivial; but if these old-fashioned readers will look back to the period when they themselves were young—say sixteen, eighteen, or twenty—we venture the assertion that they can recollect the day when all these matters would have been highly interesting to them.

FINE ART MURDER.

The discussions and developments that have attended the trial of Cancemi in this city for murder, have brought out some strange characters. The murderers are "looking up." They begin to feel that they are of importance to the community and fill a large space in its interest. The assassins who have fled hither from all lands, as well as those who are native and to the manor born, now sit around the tables of drinking saloons and chat about their "profession," and the "neat work" they have turned out in their line. It seems, from these pleasant discussions, that one of the nicest points of murder is to "take off your man" without the least disturbance, and without leaving any traces of the deed on your hands or clothes. This requires some knowledge of anatomy. To "pin a cove's heart to his back bone" on the first stab, the assassin must know where to find the heart, and the most direct route thither. "Slashing the jugular" is also a nice anatomical operation, especially as the "scarlet spouts awful," and one must be exceedingly dexterous if he would not "show the color of his job." If things go on as they have done, we may possibly have a convention of murderers before long, where all the fine points and most recent improvements in "the art" can be duly discussed and perhaps experimented upon.

THE MORMON WOMEN.

The sufferings undergone by the Mormon women in the recent hegira of that infatuated people from Salt Lake City to the southern wildernesses, almost pass belief. On them the burden of taking care of the numerous children was imposed, and we all know what mothers will undergo for their children's sake. Exposed to the pitiless pelting of storms, without fire or sufficient clothing, often without food or water, their feet torn and bleeding, these poor creatures toiled on, bearing their babes in their arms, and presenting a spectacle which should cause men and angels to weep tears of holy pity. The saddest inflictions of the best and the worst schemes and movements always fall to the lot of women. The bitter harvest of suffering is always reapt by them, in whatever field of human enterprise.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A CHAPTER FOR DOMESTICS.

I have thought a great deal, lately, about the foolish manner in which many servant girls spend their hard-earned wages. And pray have we not a right to spend our money how and when we like? I hear them ask. Certainly, nobody questions that; and I, too, have a right to wish that you spent it more judiciously—that you did not, in your desire to dress, make the ridiculous mistake of supposing that a gaudy hat of cheap materials looks well with a soiled calico dress, coarse stockings, and badly-fitting shoes. A lady who knows how to dress, is always particular that all parts of her dress should correspond; she considers the hour of the day, the place and the occasion on which it is to be worn. She knows, in the first place, that anything showy should always be of a fabric that will bear inspection; in fact, *ladies* do not dress showily in the street. If they appear to do so, you will find that it is not their clothes, which are always of a modest color, but their air, walk and figure, which have attracted your notice; if nature has done her part, art need only furnish the plainest of straw bonnets, the most unpretending robe, with trimly gaitered feet and neatly covered hands; and if nature has slighted her work, a plain costume like this good policy would certainly dictate in any rank of life. If you would only be persuaded that a showy dress hat is the worst possible purchase for a girl who can afford but one bonnet, to be worn in all weathers and on all occasions. If a lady of taste wears a "dress hat," you will always notice that her gloves, boots, laces, mantilla, skirts and robe will bear a comparison with it. Now it is impossible for a servant-girl—else why remain in service?—to afford so expensive an outlay; if, instead of giving coarse imitations of expensive things, you would only dress plainly, neatly, and befitting your position, which I consider to be as respectable as any other, according as you choose to make it so; if you would not go to the grocer's of an afternoon, in company with a tin pail, and several yards of pink or red ribbon fluttering from your back hair, or run to the pump round the corner in a black cotton velvet basque, with a stunning gilt breast-pin, chain and locket; if you would only remember, in buying a cheap dress, that it should never be of a glaring color or large pattern; that your mantilla had better be made up plain, than trimmed with coarse black cotton lace; that it would be wise and healthful to secure plenty of changes of under-clothes, before going extensively into the dress department; that when you have money for only one pair of boots, you had better not choose them of a light cream color, and that before you purchase a gilt bracelet, or rather instead of it you had better get a nice, serviceable umbrella; if you only *would*, I often say to myself, when I see you in flimsy finery and coarse embroidery.

If it is your ambition to "look like a lady"—what *I* call a lady—the more plainly and neatly you dress, the nearer you will approach it. I have sometimes seen nurses and servant girls who had self-respect and good sense enough to observe this rule, look much more like ladies than their mistresses, who, having come suddenly into the possession of money, spread it over their backs with very questionable taste and judgment. It is said that no American servant can be prevailed upon to wear a livery; I could wish that so large a number did not wear a self-imposed livery quite as slavish.

The worst feature of this passion for dress is not its ridiculous inaptitude. Alas! many a poor girl—all the more to be pitied because she does not pity herself—who flaunts her finery in the street at midnight, and pains the ear of the passer-by with words that should blister a woman's lips, can tell you what I mean. You start indignantly—so would she have done *once*. I tell you that that woman is already on the road to destruction who dresses beyond her means, I care not whether you find her in parlor or kitchen.

It is pleasant to turn away from such to those domestics who, toiling patiently on in their underground homes, neatly and plainly appareled, with honest independence lay by the spare dollar or half-dollar for a day when their strength shall fail, or, investing it in a bank which will never fail, send it far over the seas to some infirm parent, or young orphan sister; with no approving voice near them but that of conscience, to cheer; and none to blame if they were less thoughtful, less true to their better natures. Oh! the flowers of virtue and self-denial that have grown up in such soil, spite of the choking weeds of temptation—spite of the cruel indifference of those for whom, day after day, they toil, and who complacently consider their wages an ample equivalent; who have no word of sympathy, no heart-warming smile, no recognition of a common humanity to give them.

FANNY FERN.

"THE POWERS THAT BE."

The powers that be, and that are moving the world and bringing closer the millennium to man, are the intelligence, discoveries, inventions and industries of the age. On every side and in every civilized center, these are *the* ruling powers. Senates may meet, and Parliaments enact, and Cabinets devise, and Kings command, but the result of all these is only to tax and befog the world a little more. The real forward movement of society springs from intellectual forces independent of constituted governments, and to which legislation is, oftener than otherwise, a detriment. Mark, for instance, the doings of State policy for the past year. Rupture, war and taxation, have been their principal fruit, the world over—while the peaceful forward march of society and civilization has been kept up by independent industry and invention. These are the great peaceful, productive and progressing forces which are now achieving the world's and humanity's crowning triumphs—and which are, under God, immeasureably above all others, *the* powers that be.

THE PRESS.

The press penetrates every nook and corner of society; it searches out and apprehends the most recluse and the most unsocial—in the city and in the fields, in the palace and in the cottage; it steals unawares upon the guilty and rebukes the conscience; it is an officer of justice who does not need to seek out the criminal, for the criminal himself seeks out the officer, and takes him to his home as a friend and a companion. Unlike the pulpit, the press preaches at home and in secret; the reader need not dress, and walk one mile or five to church, in order to be addressed by the preacher of the press, for the preacher comes to him, and goes to bed with him, if he pleases, or takes a walk with him in the garden, or by the river side, and pours into the intellectual ears of his vision the words which he has the commission to utter.

LITERATURE OF THE BIBLE.

Not to contend for the inspiration of the Bible, how can any one when he looks at the beautiful and sublime forms in which it is couched, sneer at this ancient book? Its æsthetical merit, if nothing else, should secure it from contempt. Where do you find the beautiful precision of language, the graphic splendor of thought, and the eventual sublimity of Genesis? Has any narrative ever equalled the story of Joseph? Can you compare any lyrical poet to him who, thousands of years ago, sung:

The Heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth His handi work.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
* * * * * *
——the earth shook and trembled;
The foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because He was wroth.
There went up a smoke out of His nostrils, and fire out of His mouth devoured:
Coals were kindled by it.
He bowed the heavens also, and came down;
And darkness was under His feet.
And He rode upon a cherub and did fly;
Yea, He did fly upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness His secret place;
His pavilion round about Him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.
* * * * * *
The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave His voice;
Hail stones and coals of fire.
* * * * * *
Then the channels of waters were seen,
And the foundations of the world were discovered at Thy rebuke.

In modern dramatic composition, where can you find the unity, the boldness of imagery, and the ethical sublimity, that satisfies, astonishes, and elevates the soul, of JOB? Where is the pathos equal to that found in the story of Ruth and Naomi? What biographer has approached the Evangelists in manly simplicity, directness, and *vraisemblance?* Who has yet reached the brilliant, grand, and awful imagery of the dweller in Patmos?

Yes, the literature alone of the Bible is an inestimable treasure to the world; and the one denying its inspiration, must indeed also add the sin of horrible taste to his infidelity, if he underrates or denies its thousand beauties of style and thought.

ANGER.

Anger, in its commoner aspects, is one of the basest passions of ignoble minds. It is not only an evil and destructive, but a most profitless passion. The simplest observation shows that man's poorest and lowest exhibitions of himself are in his moments of passionate anger. Then is the dignity of man thrown off, and the "tone and temper" of the brute taken on. In the single, solitary soul, in families, in communities, in tribes and in nations, what misery has anger wrought. It has loaded the tongue with blasphemy and baptized the sword in blood.

Yet all anger is not base, nor evil. There is the "lofty anger of noble minds." Indignation at wrong, firing single hearts and rousing races of men. Indignation that has kindled revolutions—casting down injustice and tyranny, and establishing freedom and right in the world. Such anger we would honor and cultivate in the mind of every reader of the LEDGER. It bears no petty malice and strikes not at erring man, but directs its war against principles and systems. Vulgar anger is personal, and strikes for revenge. Yet how feeble its blows, compared with the calm pity or contempt of nobler souls. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and by doing our enemy a kindness we heap coals of fire on his head.

Anger of the lower kind only inflames, it never subdues. The loftiest anger, that scorns to speak or strike in passion, conquers in every conflict. Its calmness is its vantage ground. Blessing goes further to humiliate, reprove, avenge, than cursing. It is as the fable of the Sun and Wind, striving for the traveler's garment. The stormy wind but caused him to grasp it closer, the burning sun forced him to cast it off. So vulgar, stormy anger makes the foeman more a foe, while the temper that smites with warming kindness conquers and disarms him. The supremer power lies in love and not in wrath. God's anger is represented as "terrible," but His love and mercy as "more exceeding." In the language of the poet,

"O, if they knew who walk the earth,
'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere paradise again."

A COOL SPECULATION.

It is rumored in Wall street that certain bold speculators have set on foot a grand enterprise for moderating the burning ardor of our dog-days sun, by catching, and towing into our bay, and there anchoring, a score or two of first-class icebergs. Neither pains nor expense will be spared in carrying out this beneficent scheme. Only such icebergs as grow inside of the Arctic circle will be made use of, and in bringing them into our bay the utmost care will be taken to prevent their being marred by coming in contact with any of the craft that navigate our waters. They will be anchored in a circle, so as to form a capacious sea pavilion, open at the top, and from the peak of each lofty berg will float the national flag.

The icebergs will also be tunneled, and spacious saloons excavated in their ample interiors, where our free and independent citizens of both sexes can keep "perfectly cool," at twenty-five cents a head, during the hottest hour of the hottest day of the hottest month of the year. The fragments of ice removed in making these excavations will be used in compounding the delicious creams, juleps and cobblers for which these saloons are to be celebrated—a skillful chemist having discovered a method of ridding the ice of its saline impregnation without diminishing its refrigerating qualities.

Should this enterprise prove successful, we will give our readers a full account thereof in a future number of the LEDGER.

A GREAT ABUSE.

There is much grumbling in newspapers, and in all circles of the community, in regard to the difficulty of "getting justice done on murderers," hereabouts, and in regard to the verdicts of juries generally. But whose fault is it, that these things are so? Do not our most influential and intelligent citizens, whose presence as jurors in our courts would give dignity to the administration of justice, and secure impartial verdicts, uniformly shirk their responsibilities, and for the most part abandon the jury-box to those who, in too many cases, seek such service with an eye singly to the "spoils" which may be gained thereby?

IMAGINATION is certainly the most brilliant of mental gifts, and the most dangerous. Without morality it becomes fiendish; without control, madness; without religion, brutal. In Milton it was an angel; in Rousseau a devil; in Newton it was the perfection of sanity; in Sims, phrenzy; in Washington it was a MAN, in Arnold a beast.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

ENNUI is a French word for an English and American malady, which generally arises from the want of a want, and constitutes the complaint of those who have nothing to complain of. When this ugly Goliath haunts the mind, he is to be subdued only by exertion and occupation. "Throw but a stone, the giant dies." Authors have too much to do with printers' devils to be annoyed with blue devils. They may inflict *ennui*, but they seldom suffer it. No exorcism for the spleen and the vapors like that of the Muse. When Bellerophon went forth to conquer the Chimæra, he mounted Pegasus.

WERE each day a month long, bound, as now, by a narrow black ribbon of night, and heralded with the sound of a trumpet, we should tremble at the break of each new day. Our frequent inventories would disclose losses, for which we could find no corresponding gains; even the sorrows we had suffered would seem pleasant, now they had passed, and sweeter than ever the fragrance in the empty cup of joy.

THERE is a fascination in knowledge. Wherever persons have been induced to acquire *some* knowledge in order to please others, they have generally gone on to acquire *more* to please themselves. "So far shalt thou go, but no farther," is as inapplicable to wisdom as to the wave. The fruit of the tree of knowledge may stand in the garden *undesired*, only so long as it is *untouched*; the moment it is tasted, all prohibition will be vain.

THOSE illustrious men who, like torches, have consumed themselves to enlighten others, have often lived unrewarded and died unlamented. The tongues of after-times have done them justice in one sense, but injustice in another—honoring them with their praise, but degrading them with their pity.

THE functionary to whom is confided the power to pardon criminals is often called upon to sink the feelings of the man in the firmness of the magistrate, to sacrifice the finest sensibilities of the heart to the sternest dictates of the head, and to exhibit an integrity more pure than the ice of Zembla, but as repulsive and as cold.

SOME persons can never pardon a man who lays them under a heavy obligation. They probably consider that, although we are commanded in the Scriptures to forgive our enemies, there is no text enforcing a similar conduct with regard to our friends.

"I DIDN'T at all expect company to-day," said a lady to her visitors, with a not very pleasant look, "but I hope you will make yourselves at home." "Yes, indeed," replied one of them, starting off, "I will make myself at home as quick as possible."

To be envious is to punish ourselves for being inferior to our neighbors. If, instead of looking at what our superiors possess, we could see what they actually enjoy, there would be much less envy in the world, and more pity.

WE respectfully submit to temperance societies the question whether a man violates his pledge to "touch not, taste not, handle not," by kissing a lady's lips moist and fragrant with a mint-julep.

"HAVE you found a verdict?" said a judge to the foreman of a jury. "No, your honor, we have hunted through every nook and corner of the room you sent us to, and we can't find nary one."

THE Farmer's Journal says that "there is great art in making a good cheese." Yes, a fine fresh cheese is an admirable production of art, and a very old one is often a rare specimen of "animated nature."

AN ordinary umbrella is, in these days, of but very partial use to a lady in a rain. Our ladies should either enlarge the circumference of their umbrellas, or reduce their own.

"WELL, Charley," said a gentleman to a boot-black, "how do you get along these hard times?" "Oh, I rub and go."

A GOOD clergyman prayed fervently for those of his congregation who were too proud to kneel and too lazy to stand.

SELF-LOVE is at once the most delicate and the most vigorous of our defects; a *nothing* wounds it, and nothing kills it.

As nothing is more mischievous than a man half intoxicated, so nothing is more dangerous than a mind half informed.

HE that studies only men will get the body of knowledge without the soul; and he that studies only books, the soul without the body.

HOOPS have been compared to obstinate persons, because they stand out about trifles.

"You look as though you were beside yourself," said a wag to a fop standing by a donkey.

MEN are said to be like bugles—the more brass they contain, the farther you can hear them.

GREAT minds have wills—others have only wishes.

ALWAYS do right. If you cannot win mankind's approbation, be satisfied with your own.

WE would almost as soon see a lady making herself a wasp in temper as in the shape of her person.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A FEW days since a little child in Hartford, Ct., began to cry violently, without apparent cause. Soon the cries were changed to screams, and the mother in trying to ascertain the cause, looked in the child's mouth, and discovered, near its throat, a needle sticking in its tongue in such a position that it was evident it had come from the stomach The mother then remembered that a day or two before she had given her work-basket, containing a needle-book, to the children to play with. An examination of the needle-book revealed the fact that all the needles had been made away with. An emetic was at once given to the child, and it ejected several of the missing needles from its stomach, but whether there were any more left it was impossible to say.

A MRS. CLEVELAND, living near Syracuse, in coming out of her cellar, a few evenings since, heard the hissing of a serpent. She secured a fire-shovel, and went in search of the reptile. She found it to be a large rattlesnake, but nothing daunted, she attacked and killed it. It had seven rattles, was about eight feet in length, and five inches in circumference. One bite from its fangs would have been certain death.

LOUIS NAPOLEON recently tried to coax one of our scientific men, Prof. Agassiz, into the taking up of his residence at Paris, by offering to make him a Senator of the Empire and the Director of the famous Jardin des Plantes, or Botanical Garden, with a princely salary; but the sage wisely chose to remain in a country where learning is not fettered by tyrannical laws against the freedom of the press and of speech.

A MAN who had been incarcerated in the Connecticut State's Prison for twenty-six years was recently discharged therefrom. He had never seen a telegraph or railroad, and was so bewildered by the "fast"-ness of everything around him, that he said he didn't know but he would rather go back to prison again than live among his energetic fellow-creatures.

A MURDERER, named Kuykendall, under sentence of death in the jail of Houston county, Texas, offered his jailor, one Adams, $500 to let him escape, and the offer was accepted. The governor of the State then offered $500 for the murderer's recapture, whereupon Adams betrayed the secret of the fugitive's hiding-place, and he was soon again in irons and in prison. Thus did the jailor make $1,000.

A PRIVATE letter from Australia, to a gentleman in this city, says the thermometer had ranged from 120 to 138 degrees for more than two weeks. For six days and nights it did not sink below 130 degrees. The people, the fowls, and domestic animals were dying from the excessive heat.

A WOMAN in Lancaster, Pa., recently gave a man $75 to marry her. At the last accounts the husband had thrown his wife out of the window while intoxicated—the affectionate couple having been "on a spree" ever since the knot was tied.

KANSAS is becoming more dangerous to decent people than the lowest purlieus of our city. Men are shot down there with a frequency which must have a tendency to diminish the tide of migration thither.

THE death of a boy named Eugene Lacordaire is mentioned by a Lyons (France) newspaper; and it is remarked that the deceased was the *thirty-eighth* child of its parents.

THOMAS FERSINGER, of Plymouth, Pa., a short time since, beat his brother to death, with a club, while the mother stood by trying in vain to stop the inhuman work.

A FEW days since, on the railroad near Thompson, Conn., a man was run over by the train, and his body cut entirely asunder, the two halves dropping apart.

A CONNECTICUT newspaper says that there is an old Indian woman residing at East Hampton who is one hundred and ten years old.

A TWILIGHT GALE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"Sweet Lily Bell, come near me now;
The perfumed era of the flowers
Is haunted with my early love.
And so from yonder lonely bowers,
The spirit of my youth glides forth
All wreathed with *myrtle*, scattering round
White roses and young passion-blooms,
And singing songs of sighing sound.
Now, while the baby-birds are dreaming
With vails of moonlight o'er them gleaming,
Mid lullabies of angel seeming,
I'll tell thee an old story.

"Sweet Lily Bell, there was a time
In the dim years of long ago
When, looking through my lattice vines,
O'er yon dusk hills where violets blow,
I saw a stranger young and fair—
So fair—so like some shape of light—
In hunter's garb, who came and craved
A shelter from the stormy night.
He lingered long—and I, forgetting
Even my God, when suns were setting
Would gaze on him without regretting
My blind and daring worship.

"Sweet Lily Bell, he left me lone—
He left me—but who could forget?
Who was he like? I'll tell thee now;
Come closer, darling, closer yet—
Thy baby brother Charlie wears
The beauty of my early love—
The lip, the brow, the same blue eyes—
For this, his cradled smiles above,
Thou'st seen my frenzied tears come gushing,
While thy young mother's voice was hushing
Her child amid the eve's last blushing,
Beneath thy father's glances.

"Sweet Lily Bell, what was his fate?
He wedded a fair bride, who smiled
To hear this story from his lip"
"And she"—"*She is thy mother*. child
And he, the man whose name I bear,
Was *her* first—idol! this is strange—
Yet, such is life! Now, Lily Bell,
My simple story's done—go range
Among the purple shadows lying
In yon green grove where winds are sighing
And hear the wild-wood music dying—
I cannot meet thy gazes."

RICHARD HOFFMAN,

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE STRUGGLE FOR A LIFE.

On the arrival of Sir Charles Fourreau, with Jack Manders, at the house of our hero, Hassan, the khansumah, received them with the usual obsequious salam, then stood with his arms folded over his breast to await his questions or orders.

"How is your master?" demanded the baronet.

"He sleeps."

"Thank Heaven."

The Hindoo secretly smiled.

"Prepare a bed instantly for this poor fellow," said the baronet; "I expect Dr. Burke, the physician of my regiment, in a few minutes."

"The hakims of Europe are wise," observed Hassan, with a covert sneer; "doubtless, the danger will fly at his approach."

"I trust so," answered the unsuspicious colonel.

After seeing Jack, who prayed to be carried into the same room where his master was lying, removed from the palanquin, he made the best of his way to the saloon where Richard was still sleeping, and Fred Wharton watching by his side.

The two officers exchanged a silent pressure of the hand.

"You may speak," said the youngest; "his slumber appears to be almost lethargic; see how heavily he breathes."

The baronet approached, and gazed with deep emotion on the pale, wan features which he had so lately beheld beaming with health and animation; the change shocked him greatly.

"There has been treachery," he said, "infernal treachery. Burke declares that our friend is poisoned."

At this confirmation of his suspicions, Fred Wharton started from his seat, and began pacing the room in violent agitation.

"Monstrous?" he resumed; "whom has he ever wronged? I cannot point out one single enemy."

The baronet shook his head mournfully.

"It cannot have been for plunder."

"No."

"What then?"

"Either revenge or jealousy," answered the colonel; "but this is not the moment to investigate the truth. Our first care must be to cure him. Burke has gone to fetch the native physician, Mirza Algee, the hakim most skilled in the poisons of the East."

"Will it be safe to trust him?"

"We must trust him—it is our last hope."

Several of the servants, including the sycees, now entered the saloon, bearing Jack between them. Hassan followed. On seeing the latter, the suspicions of Wharton returned with additional force.

"Rascal!" he exclaimed, "if anything fatal occurs, you shall swing for it."

The Hindoo looked up with well-acted surprise.

"What said the sahib?"

The words were repeated.

The khansumah answered them by a cold, disdainful smile.

"Speak," said the baronet; "what is the meaning of this desolation?"

He pointed as he spoke to Jack and Richard, as they lay each extended and unable to speak upon a sofa.

"Is thy servant a hakim," replied the man, "that he should explain these things! The flower fades, while the root is still within the earth, and who can tell the reason why? It is *kismit*."

Sir Charles was sufficiently an oriental to know the meaning of the word.

"I will tell you what your *destiny* shall be," he muttered, sternly, "if it be proved that you have tampered in this deed."

Hassan regarded him calmly.

"A rope, and a felon's grave."

"Be it as you have said," answered the man. "The innocent are strong, and there is justice in Calcutta for the Hindoo, as well as the feringee."

At this moment, Dr. Burke made his appearance. On seeing him, the khansumah only smiled; when he saw the native physician, Mirza Algee, following him with his box of drugs, his countenance underwent so palpable a change, that it was impossible to mistake his emotion.

He would have quitted the room, but Fred Wharton sprang between him and the door.

"Murderer," he said, "I arrest you.""

"I am innocent."

"That remains to be seen."

Sir Charles was so convinced of the fellow's guilt, that, calling to his palanquin bearers, he gave him in charge to two of the strongest, and directed one of the others to go for a party of the police, into whose custody he was ultimately consigned.

The hakim advanced to the couch on which his patient was reposing, and felt first his chest and then his pulse.

"The root," he slowly pronounced.

"I thought so," exclaimed Dr. Burke, who, with all his skill, found himself, in this peculiar case, reduced to act the part of a spectator.

"His sleep does not seem natural," observed Sir Charles.

"What have you given him?" demanded Mirza, addressing the young officer, whom he had found watching the sufferer.

Fred Wharton pointed to the liquor stand.

A grim smile passed over the features of the Hindoo.

"Good," he said; "ignorance, in this instance, has performed the work of knowledge." He next advanced to one of the side tables, and examined the draught which Hassan had pressed upon the lips of the sufferer, and which still remained untasted. Wharton had resisted the attempt made by the assassin to remove it.

Fred explained why he had prevented his friend from taking it.

"Good," repeated the hakim. "Had he but swallowed a single mouthful, not all the science of India could have saved him: it is the *kerswas* water, which promotes the growth of the root."

"The villain!" exclaimedall present, struck with horror at the infernal malice of the khansumah.

The old man opened the box, which he had never for an instant permitted to quit his grasp, and taking from it what appeared like a piece of pumice-stone, began rasping it rapidly. Doctor Burke regarded it curiously, and with such evident desire to examine it, that the hakim motioned him to a distance.

"The West has its secrets," he exclaimed, "and I seek not to penetrate them; let my brother in knowledge respect the wisdom of the East."

This was a plain intimation that no examination of his specific would be permitted.

CALEB A PRISONER IN THE HINDOO TEMPLE.

When he had grated about as much as would cover the surface of a shilling, he called for a glass of milk.

One of the native servants brought it.

The Hindoo examined it carefully, and, satisfied that it was unadulterated, he slowly dropped the powder into it, muttering, at the same time, words in an unknown tongue.

The English physician smiled; he fully comprehended that the verse, or whatever the old man might be reciting, could only be by way of blind—that the real virtue of the remedy lay in the powder.

"Now raise him up," said the hakim.

Sir Charles and Fred did as he directed.

"Hold back his head."

It was done.

"Grasp him firmly," added Mirza, "as you would cling to life. Violent convulsions will follow. Let not feeling or the sight of his sufferings unnerve you. Should you release him, the consequences will be fatal."

His patient was placed exactly in the position he required, yet still the physician paused. The friends of the sufferer began to grow impatient—they could not understand why he delayed to administer the remedy.

"Patience," observed the old man, "is the mother of wisdom."

Gradually the milk in the glass began to effervesce. Mirza approached it to the lips of our hero, and despite his struggles, forced the contents down the throat of the youth, who made violent efforts to reject it.

It was well that he had informed those who witnessed them of the consequences of the draught, or the fatal effects he had predicted in all probability would have ensued. A violent convulsion took place—the eyeballs of the patient appeared distended with agony.

Even Burke, who had watched the proceedings with all the curiosity natural to his profession, could scarcely endure to look upon him. Sir Charles and Fred were terribly agitated.

"Has the dose been sufficient?" demanded the former.

"A grain more or less were death."

Still the convulsions continued; they had lasted now several minutes, and so intense was their violence, that fatal effects were anticipated.

"Poor Lilly!" thought the baronet, who fully expected to see our hero expire under the violence of his sufferings, "this will be a sad blow to thy young and loving heart."

At last a deep groan broke from the patient, whose limbs writhed in agony.

"Hold him fast," added the hakim, sternly.

A second groan followed.

"Be not surprised," he added, "at what I am about to do."

Clenching his long, meager hand, he struck the patient a violent blow upon the chest.

"Monster!" exclaimed Fred, "you have destroyed him!"

"I have saved him," replied Mirza, calmly.

A violent fit of vomiting followed the action.

For nearly a quarter of an hour the sickness continued. Strange to say, the matter ejected consisted of long fibrous threads, green, resembling in everything save color, the seaweed cast upon the beach.

The quantity was enormous.

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour the sufferer appeared to breathe more freely, and he asked to be laid back upon the couch.

"Hold him up," repeated the hakim; "if he reposes he dies."

As a matter of course, after such a caution, the entreaty of our hero to be permitted to recline back upon the sofa was unheeded—Fred and Sir Charles continued to support him.

Dr. Burke observed with intense interest that the ends of the last fibres were tinged with blood, and he pointed out the fact to the hakim, who nodded his head.

"Aye," he said, "they were already rooted on the lungs; it is five days, at least, since he took the poison."

When the sickness had entirely subsided, the old man prepared a draught in which he mingled various drugs and simples. His patient swallowed it with far less difficulty than the first.

Mirza anxiously watched its effects.

"*Allah kuner!*" he exclaimed, after a pause; "the last fibre is removed, and the youth is saved."

A sigh of relief broke from all present.

"Lay him down."

They did as he directed.

"He will sleep for hours, but his slumbers must be watched."

Sir Charles and Wharton both declared their intention of passing the night by the sufferer.

"It is well," said the old man. "Should he wake, give him stimulants, but beware how you break his sleep—leave nature to herself."

The same process had now to be gone through with Jack Manders, whose sufferings were far less acute than Tyrrel's, for he had not taken the fatal root till several days after him.

The hakim having completed his task, was about to depart.

"Stay," said the baronet; "you have saved a life that is very dear to me, and to all who know him."

"Thy star has been fortunate."

"Let this speak the gratitude of his friends."

He placed in the shriveled hand of the Hindoo a purse filled with gold, and drawing from his finger a valuable diamond ring, added it to the gift.

Mirza Algee raised the sparkling gem to his head, after the manner of orientals, and then kissed it.

"May your shadow be never the less!" he exclaimed.

Sir Charles thanked him for his wishes.

"And health and wealth attend you."

"Should the former fail," observed the baronet, who really felt impressed with his skill, "I shall send for the hakim Mirza."

"Who will be at the sahib's disposal, though the angel of death stood at his side.

"I have said it," he added, emphatically.

"Brother," said Dr. Burke, "would you have any objection to give or sell me a portion of that peculiar-looking stone?"

This was in allusion to the one he had rasped and put into the draught which saved the life of our hero.

"It is not a stone," replied the old man, drily.

"Root, then?"

"It is not a root."

"Perhaps you will term it a fungus."

The hakim seemed highly annoyed, for the English physician had hit upon the truth; the remedy was a peculiar species of fungi, found only in the remotest province of India, and which, when dried in the sun, became so hard, and so closely resembled pumice-stone, that the first error of the speaker was easily accounted for.

"I may neither sell it nor give it," replied the old man; "I can only administer it to those who suffer."

"But why keep such a secret to yourself?"

"Knowledge is a pearl more precious than gold. Farewell."

So saying, the hakim quitted the house.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE REASON FOR THE ASSASSINATION.

Our readers will doubtless wonder why, after the scene which Jack Manders, Caleb, and the sycee had witnessed in the garden of the temple, precautions had not been taken to prevent the perpetration of the crime which so nearly succeeded in depriving its victim of existence, and that the intention which the former expressed, of bringing his master on a future occasion to the spot, had not been carried out.

It would have been so, had not the deadly root been administered by Hassan the very next day; the languor which immediately ensued rendered the victim incapable of exertion, added to which the groom had disappeared.

The adventure, therefore, had been dismissed from the minds of all but Caleb, who felt that natural impatience which the grateful heart experiences to prove its devotion to its benefactor. Night after night he had returned to the spot, without success; no second interview had taken place between the Brahmin and Al Moorad; or, if it had, it must have been held in the recesses of the temple, where he was unable to penetrate.

The illness of Richard and Jack, from its very nature, appeared to him as the natural effects of the climate—nothing more. He readily believed the assurance which the former gave him, that the next day he should be better.

On the night which followed the detection of the assassin, Caleb was at his post as usual, crouching beneath the thick flowering shrubs in front of the temple. One of those vague presentiments of ill, which most of us in our lives have received without ever being able to account for, weighed upon his spirits; he felt dull and wretched—as if he had once more found himself on board the Caradoc, subject to the tyranny of Captain Gall.

He had been more than an hour on his post when the sound of a footstep startled him, and, unfortunately, he raised his head before the intruder, who proved to be one of the servants of the temple, had passed him. The action was but momentary, for the sense of his imprudence struck him, and he concealed himself again: trusting that he had not been seen. But the quick eye of the Hindoo had marked him; although, with that self-possession and cunning so peculiar to the Hindoo character, he betrayed neither surprise nor fear, and passed on without interrupting the low, monotonous chant he had been singing.

"A lucky escape!" mentally ejaculated Caleb, as the object of his fear disappeared beneath the archway of the temple. "I wish I could have seen the fellow's face," he added, "for I feel certain that he is not unknown to me."

He was right; the man had long been employed as a spy about the residence of our hero. Hassan had engaged him in the ostensible capacity of a *bheestie*, or water-carrier, and he was now on his way to inform Al Moorad and the chief Brahmin of the detection of their scheme, and the imprisonment of their agent.

We must leave poor Caleb for awhile and follow the native into the interior of the idol's temple.

The hall in which the banker and his confederate were seated was one of the most elaborately-decorated in the edifice, the walls painted with representations of the incarnations of Vishnu, and the emblem of Bramah, the supreme deity of the Hindoos. Of the latter deity, singular to say, they have no idol; and the reason assigned for it in the "Velda," or sacred book, is as follows:—

"Of him whose glory is so great there is no image. He is the incomprehensible being who illumines all, delights all, and from whom all proceeds; that by which we live when born, and that to which all must return."

The residence of Bramah is supposed to be in the triangle of Quivelinga, in the center of a rose.

Had we space, and did not fear to tire our readers by digressions which, however interesting to the antiquarian, or in a literary point, would be foreign to the progress of our tale, we should feel disposed to pursue the reflections which the peculiarity of the symbol of the supreme god of India has awakened. As it is, we must resign the task, merely observing that the ungleaned plains of Hindoo literature are rich in truths, disjointed relics of the past, shreds from the many-colored garment of old Time—worthless to the ignorant or thoughtless, but to the patient and learned hieroglyphic keys to the past—spells by which investigation separates truth from fiction.

There is little doubt but the compilers of the Bhagasut had a knowledge of the sacred writings. One expression, in particular, recalls the tremendous I AM of Scripture. As the work is not generally known, we will quote it, before resuming the thread of our narrative:—

"Even I was at first; not any other thing—that which exists, unperceived, supreme.

"I am the creation and dissolution of the whole universe; there is nothing greater than I, and all things hang upon me, even as precious gems on a string.

"I am moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, sound in the firmament, human nature in mankind, sweet-smelling savor in the earth, glory in the source of light.

"In all things I am life; and in animals I am desire, regulated by moral fitness."

We have indulged in these extracts from the sacred writings of the Hindoos, to show that, however debased the latter have become through the craft and ambition of their priesthood, there was nothing originally in their faith to render them incapable of receiving the great truths of Christianity.

Al Moorad was in high spirits. The last report he had received represented his successful rival at the point of death, the next one he doubted not would confirm it.

"Father," he exclaimed, addressing the Brahmin, who was seated by his side, "the work goes bravely on. One of the hated race of our oppressors, by this time, stands before the judgment seat of Yamen."

The old man faintly smiled.

"Still, I could have wished," continued the speaker, "that you had not spared Kehoda."

"Spared her?" repeated the aged bigot; "for what? the tremendous sacrifice which has too long been neglected."

"She may escape."

"Impossible!" replied the former. "She is at the chief temple of the offended goddess. Mariatele watches over her."

"The wretched groom, too," muttered the banker.

"He is faithful."

Al Moorad made a gesture of incredulity.

"He would not sacrifice his faith, even to the love of his master," added the speaker. "He must live."

"And yet it would be more prudent to——"

"He *shall* live!" interrupted the Brahmin, in a tone which admitted of no reply; for the wealthy Hindoo banker was wholly in his power. "And now, urge me no more upon the subject. Although the death of every son and daughter of the Christian race has been decreed, have we not, in pity to thy weakness, consented to spare this Lillian?"

The Hindoo bowed his head, to conceal the mortification he felt at the dictatorial air and words of the speaker.

The servant of the temple entered the hall, and, after inclining with profound respect before the Brahmin, stood, with his arms folded over his chest, waiting until he should question him.

"Now, is the Christian dead?" demanded Al Moorad, hastily.

The man made no reply.

"It is permitted thee to speak," said his superior.

"The sahib Tyrrell has escaped."

"Impossible!" exclaimed both the conspirators.

"The English hakim and the officer came to the house," resumed the messenger, "and brought with them the father of knowledge—Mirza Algee, at whose presence the angel of death fled. He administered the antidote, known only to the sacred race."

"Curse him!" muttered the banker.

"It is like the feringees," calmly observed the Brahmin, who, apart from the general hatred he felt to all of European blood and the desire of obliging his confederate, had no particular motive in wishing for the death of our hero; "it was not his destiny to die."

"Father," exclaimed the Hindoo, with a sudden burst of passion, "you have never loved, never felt the gnawing pang of jealousy, the agony of knowing that a rival—a successful, happy rival—is by the side of her you worship, the companion of her walks, the sharer of her thoughts and smiles."

The Brahmin eyed him with a look of cold disdain, as if such feelings were far beneath one of his sacred caste, and yet a keen observer might have detected a latent expression on his features, indicating that the frost of age, which rested on his wrinkled brow, had not yet stifled every emotion of the heart; for if love were extinct, ambition still reigned there.

"And Hassan!" he exclaimed, suddenly struck by the danger of discovery to his project.

"Is in prison."

The priest clapped his hands thrice, and several attendants entered. Hastily writing a few lines upon his tablet, he gave it to one of them.

"To the Arad, the moonshee," he said, "who resides near the prison."

The man withdrew.

"There is danger," whispered Al Moorad.

"I have guarded against it," replied the old man, with a cynical smile. "Before the dawn, Hassan will be beyond the reach of his enemies."

"Free?"

"The freedom of death," answered the Brahmin, in a tone of indifference; for, like most Asiatics, he recked but little of human life. "You may withdraw," he added, waving his hand to the spy.

The man, instead of obeying him, folded his arms and remained motionless—a sign that he had something further to communicate.

"Speak."

"In passing through the wood in front of the temple, I saw that I was watched."

"By whom?"

"A Christian of the servants of the sahib Tyrrell. I took upon myself to order his arrest."

A grim smile of satisfaction rested on the features of the aged bigot; he had now a Christian in his power.

Caleb was brought into his presence, bound with cords, and the ends of a shawl thrust into his mouth to prevent the possibility of an alarm. The banker laid his hand upon the weapon he wore in his girdle, and, doubtless, would have made short work with the helpless captive had not his companion restrained him.

"Blood must not be shed within these walls," he said; "to Bramah will I offer him. A Christian and a renegade from our holy faith are now within my power—the sacrifice will be complete."

"Should he escape?"

"Fear not. Long before the dawn of another day he shall be far from Calcutta, on his way to the great temple of Mariatele."

Al Moorad disliked the delay, but circumstances compelled him to submit.

The precaution taken by the cunning priest to prevent his secret being betrayed proved an effectual one, for on the following morning when Sir Charles Fourreau visited the police court to prefer a charge of attempted assassination against the khansumah Hassan, human justice had been forestalled; the ruffian had been found dead in his cell.

A serpent of a peculiarly venomous kind had stung him, though how it came there no one could explain.

It was not generally found in that part of India.

CHAPTER LXV.

LOVERS' CONFIDENCES.

The cause of the march of the gallant 01st to Delhi soon became apparent. The government had taken alarm at the spirit of insubordination manifested by the native troops, the forces on which, with a blindness partaking of fatuity, England had hitherto confined the stability of her dominions in the East.

When the news first began to be whispered in Calcutta, the young officers and many civilians merely laughed at it. Nothing could shake their faith in the adherence of the native army. They regarded it as a mere passing ebullition, arising from some caprice of caste, or an attempt to avail themselves of the absence of the larger portion of the Queen's troops in Persia, to extort an augmentation of pay or batta. The greased cartridges they looked upon as the pretext.

In the last opinion, most probably, they were not far wrong, for the Hindoo, like the European, seldom gives the reason for his act, it is generally vailed by the excuse.

Old residents in India viewed the affair in a widely different light. They had long been aware of the spirit of disaffection which, like the smoldering fire, was only waiting a favorable occasion to burst forth, and spread destruction around; but even they were far from imagining the horrors which were soon to be perpetrated—horrors destined to desolate many an English home, and leave an in-

delible stain upon the page of Indian misrule and want of common foresight.

It is astonishing how few men ever, till the events of the late war, formed a correct notion of the Sepoy character; and yet the data for a sound judgment were ample. Their religion was and is a religion of cruelty, founded on an appeal to the worst passions of humanity. The Asiatic character is naturally deceitful, and truth a stranger to it.

All orientals, without exception, deem it a meritorious act to deceive a European; and after so many years of contact with the British, and governed by them, it is a sad blot upon the policy of Englishmen, but an admitted one, that the Asiatics neither love nor respect them.

The fact is, they look upon them as hypocrites; and when we calmly and dispassionately consider all the circumstances which have attended the progress of the British empire in India, we can scarcely feel surprised that such is the case.

The approaching departure of Sir Charles and his family for Delhi was a sad blow to the hero of our tale. Fain would he have accompanied him; but a tie stronger than that of love—honor—chained him to Calcutta, at least for the present, and he could not break its fetters without abandoning the hope which had first brought him to India.

"I cannot comprehend," said Lady Bell, when the approaching departure was talked over, "why you should not go with us."

Lillian *looked* the same.

In this dilemma, the baronet, like a gallant soldier, came to his rescue, for he alone of the speakers understood the cause.

"Simply, my love, because he has a reason," he replied.

The lady gave one of her pretty little shrugs, which, in those of her sex, mean so much or so little.

"And that I for one," added her husband, "should blame him for a dereliction of duty."

There was no mistaking that.

"Duty," repeated her ladyship, emphatically—for her warm, affectionate heart grieved for the disappointment of her adopted child—"that is the word with which you lords of the creation always try to silence us."

"I am glad you said *try*," observed her husband, with a smile.

"Duty," continued the lady, "duty: a word which means everything or nothing, when we ask for reasons."

Sir Charles both looked and felt annoyed.

"Dear Lady Bell," exclaimed our hero, "you cannot doubt but the first wish of my heart is to accompany you and Lillian. Did you know how imperative are the motives which retain me here you would pity me."

"But I do not know them," replied her ladyship, dryly.

"You forget, my love," observed the baronet, mildly, "that I do."

"True."

"And *approve* them."

The marked emphasis upon the word approve, reminded the fair rebel to conjugal authority that she was becoming a little—only a very little—unreasonable.

"It is not from a selfish motive that I wish it," she said, after a pause.

"That I am sure of," replied Richard, warmly. "Poor Lillian has never uttered a word upon the subject."

Her lover regarded the sorrowing girl gratefully.

"But after the attempt upon your life," continued her protectress, "one we can neither of us think of without terror, you cannot wonder at our feeling. And now the secret is out. You men are such conceited things," she added, "that I am compelled to explain myself in order to avoid rendering you more vain than nature has made you."

"Do you admit such a thing to be possible?" demanded Sir Charles Fourreau, with a good-natured smile, for the explanation had touched the right chord in his heart. In fact, he was not without certain misgivings himself upon the subject of his young friend's safety.

With that tact which distinguishes not only her sex, but the speaker in particular, her ladyship contrived to lead her husband from the drawing-room, so that the lovers might be left together.

"And do you think me unkind, Lillian?" demanded her lover, touched by the expression of sorrow on her features.

"No, Richard," replied the fair girl, in a tremulous voice; "it is your danger, not my own weak, childish desire to have you near me, which distresses me. You have an enemy in India."

"Most men meet with an enemy in their path in life, and whether in India or England makes but little difference," was the reply.

"You are wrong—believe me, you are wrong. Little as I have seen and can remember of my father's land, I feel that there the danger is comparatively hurtless; the passions of mankind are under subjection to the law of reason—here, they rage in all their fierceness."

"Humanity is the same everywhere," observed her lover.

Lillian shook her head incredulously.

"It is only its phases that vary," added the speaker.

"I have heard such fearful tales of their violence in the East," said the poor girl; "and we have witnessed one such fatal example that you cannot wonder at my terror. Be careful, Richard," she continued, "for my sake, and the sake of all who love you. Should——"

Here her feelings so far overcame her that she was unable to proceed, and burst into a flood of tears.

As most of our readers have loved in their time—if not we pity them—it will be quite unnecessary to recapitulate the arguments and reasons her lover made use of to calm her sorrow, or the precautions he promised to use to guard against the menaced danger, which he professed to laugh to scorn; and yet, at the instant he made the assertion, a chill ran through his veins, for he recollected the pangs he had endured—the danger he had escaped.

"You forget, too," he added, "that I have both Jack and Caleb with me, and that either of them would lay down his life in my defence."

"Jack would, I am sure, neither do I doubt the fidelity of his companion," replied the fair girl, "but——"

"Still this doubt?"

"What precautions can avail against the deadly skill of the poisoner. I have heard such fearful examples of it."

"Dismiss them from your mind, Lillian," answered her lover. "Providence is no more blind in India than in Europe. Remember how it watched over your own infant years."

"I should be ungrateful to forget it."

"The friends it raised you up."

"They have indeed been second parents to me."

"My own life proves that she has been equally friendly to me," resumed her lover, who felt that the woman on whom he had bestowed his affection was equally entitled to his confidence. In fact, he had frequently reproached himself for having listened to the advice of Sir Charles, although given with the best of motives, and kept the secret from her.

Lillian regarded him with surprise.

"I must tell you," he said, "that my early years were steeped in poverty to the very brim—a poverty as desolate as yours."

"No, Richard, no—impossible!" exclaimed the maiden. "You must have had friends who loved you."

"True, I had a mother and a sister."

"Then your fate could not have been as desolate as mine."

"Not when I saw them starving?"

His hearer repeated the word with terror and astonishment.

"And half mad at the sight," resumed her lover, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "my heart and brain both on fire, I rushed into the streets—the pitiless streets of London—to procure them food at any sacrifice—even the sacrifice of honor."

"Terrible!"

"You will not blame me, Lillian?" said the youth, gazing on her with feelings of deep emotion.

"Not even if you fell!" exclaimed the affectionate girl, enthusiastically. "The motive might not have sanctified, but, at least, it would have excused the crime."

"But I did not fall," said our hero, after a pause. "That Providence on which I still rely watched over me."

"Thank Heaven!"

"On the abyss of crime, I was saved by my grandfather, who, angry at my mother's having married the man of her heart without his sanction, had cast her off to penury and want."

"Can there be such a nature?"

"Do not blame him. I, at least, have not the right, for he has proved kind to me; neither dare I judge him, for there was much in the conduct of my unhappy father to justify his resentment—he was a drunkard. Happily, you do not know all the misery the word implies."

Lillian shuddered: she recollected, but too well, the scenes she had witnessed whilst under the roof of Mike, in the Belvedere-road.

"My grandfather adopted me," continued the speaker.

"Bless him for that. His heart could not have been all of clay. One chord, at least, was human."

"Educated me," added her lover, "and has ever manifested the warmest affection for me."

"Could he do otherwise?"

Richard smiled: there is no flattery like that which falls from the lips of those we love.

"No doubt," exclaimed the fair girl, "he became reconciled to his offending child; your influence must have accomplished that."

"Alas, no."

'Did you seek it?"

"Most earnestly."

"And failed?"

"There was a reason, which reason brought me to India. My father, who had been a clerk in my grandfather's house previous to his marriage, was suspected of having abstracted certain securities, which had been realized in India. There were no proofs—that is to say, positive proofs, for those who planned and executed the dishonest act, and then with devilish cunning contrived to cast suspicion upon my parent, never dared to make the accusation public."

"Thank Providence."

"Still it hangs over him."

"Your grandfather, Richard, surely if he loves you he will never make it; it would be cruel! unjust!"

"He never would, but his enemy might; and the dread of such a disgrace upon the name of my grandfather has prevented the reconciliation. Now, Lillian, mark me," added her lover, impressively, "the children of the poor are naturally observant. Want is a stern instructress; her pupils become prematurely old, and whilst others of their age think only of amusements and dreams of happiness, they learn to scan and measure the character, temper, strength, and weakness of those who come in daily contact with them."

"That is true," observed his hearer sadly. "My own brief experience can bear witness to your words."

"Well, then, I have watched my father well—know his weakness and his strength. He never swerved from the path of strict integrity."

"His son could not be deceived."

"I am sure of it," he continued, "sure as that I live and breathe, as you, with eyes beaming with love and confidence, are standing here beside me. He has redeemed himself nobly—redeemed himself from the only sin which defaced the man within his soul, and is now, if not rich, at least respected and in honor."

"But if your grandfather loves you," observed Lillian, "he never could have the heart to disgrace the name you bear."

"It is not in his power to prevent it."

"How so?"

"In the first burst of anger and disappointment at my mother's marriage, which he only learnt on his return from India, the old man, who had discovered the loss of the securities, accused my father."

"Openly?"

"Alas! no—would that he had."

"Where, then, is the danger?" demanded his hearer.

"He accused him to the man who once expected to be his son-in-law, and the heir of his immense fortune—to his own nephew, and, unfortunately, by letter. Had he done so publicly, much misery might have been avoided."

"And the name of this nephew?"

"Carus Kearn."

Lillian repeated it twice.

"This imprudent, because unjust, act," resumed our hero, "has borne with it bitter punishment. My grandfather, I believe, is now sincerely anxious to be reconciled to his offending child; but fears the revengeful nature of his nephew, whose villainy he more than suspects; for there is little doubt but, on the downfall of his long-cherished designs upon the fortune of his relative, Carus Kearn would at once make use of the fatal letter to blast the rising reputation and prosperity of the man he so deeply hates."

"Still I do not comprehend," observed the fair girl, after a pause, "the motive of your coming to India."

"That is soon told."

"Or the necessity of your remaining in Calcutta."

"You shall learn both," replied Richard. "Shortly after the discovery that the securities had been abstracted, my relative, at the request of his old correspondent, Mr. Chutnee, sent out a clerk from England, which clerk was selected from his own office, by the recommendation of Carus Kearn."

"I see, I see."

"It was in Calcutta that the securities were cashed."

"And the clerk is?"

"Mr. Sanford."

"But surely your presence must put him on his gaurd," observed the maiden. "He must feel that you are watching him."

"I am here under the assumed name of Tyrrell; but Sir Charles," added the speaker, hastily "to whom I have related my story, knows my real one and the motives of my concealment, for I could not endure the thought of deception towards one who has proved a second parent towards you."

"You are right, Richard—very right!" exclaimed the adopted daughter of the baronet, he is the very soul of honor; but will Mr. Chutnee keep your secret as faithfully as my benfactor?"

"I have never intrusted him with it."

"No?" repeated Lillian, with surprise.

"He knows me only as Mr. Tyrrell. It was under that name another of his correspondents, Mr. Curry, the head of the great house of Curry and Sons in London, sent me out to him."

"How kind!"

"Curry is my grandfather's oldest friend," added our hero. "And now, Lillian, you know my history. If it has not been revealed to you before, it arose from no want of confidence, but in obedience to the advice of Sir Charles Fourreau. You are aware also of the motive which chains me here."

"A motive too sacred to be broken by any wish or caprice of mine!" exclaimed the enthusiastic girl. "It is your duty to remain, and clear, if possible, the reputation of your father. I shall feel your absence," she continued—"feel it severely,—the more so that the danger you have so lately escaped has not revealed the name of your secret enemy."

"I expect in a few days," replied the young man, "the return of a valued friend, who, at my grandfather's request, accompanied me from England."

"Mr. Wharton?"

"No; a lieutenant Marsh."

"Singular," said Lillian.

"Why so?"

"I remember seeing him at the government house, and shall never forget the peculiar look he gave me."

"I can explain that."

"You?"

"Yes; at the residence of my grandfather, Meldown Park—a seat he hired for a few years from Sir Norman Boothroyd—there is a portrait of his only child and heiress, painted by Winterhalter, so like you in every respect, that it was impossible Marsh should not have been struck by it, seeing that we both admired it together."

"Flatterer!" said Lillian, with a smile. Then, musing for an instant, she repeated the name of "Boothroyd" several times, in an under tone.

"Something in my narration," observed her lover, "seems to have struck you particularly."

"Yes; the name. I feel convinced that I have heard it before, though when or where I do not now recollect; but it will return to my memory as many things have done since I have been in India."

"You do not think my refusal to accompany you to Delhi unkind, then?" said our hero.

"Unkind!" repeated the maiden; "no. I should love you less, Richard, were you capable of being diverted from the path you have chosen, by the tears or wishes of a silly girl like myself, even though you love her. It is man's place to be guided by duty, woman's by affection: follow yours, and leave to an all-wise Providence the rest."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BEAR ON.

Courage! for grief must have an end,
All earthly passions pass;
The will of God hath decked the grave
With *quickly* springing grass.
And when thou too art called to sleep,
All mysteries will grow plain,
Where joy and rapture shall efface
All memory of pain.

A. H

THE LIGHT-SHIP'S LIGHT.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

One would hardly think that life on board a light-ship was to be desired, even in pleasant weather. Circumscription with a vengeance is the lot of the dweller there; but there are those who are glad to get the office of light-ship keeper, and glad, too, to continue in it year after year.

Such a man was James—or, as he was generally called—Jim Brown, and he and his situation had been quite contented with each other for many years. No storms could sicken his stout stomach, and when, a score of years ago, he had been promoted from a precarious and uncertain calling to that of keeping the light-ship, he considered his fortune made, and as men often do when they become possessed of that idea, he resolved to get married. Whom to have was now the question. Jim had rather a limited acquaintance among the fair sex; his motto had hitherto been, "attend to your calling, and let the girls alone;" but now he believed he had secured a calling which would attend to him, and he could, therefore, afford to change his habits respecting the girls. Jim was a handsome fellow; few who became acquainted with him failed to discover beauty in his honest face and in his great, expressive blue eyes. There was a great deal of sturdy manliness about him, and then he was marvelously good-natured. One could make a reasonable guess that the owner of such a face and eyes, and such a sunshiny and winning smile, would be affectionate if he had but the chance, which, up to the age of twenty-four, he never had enjoyed; for he had been a workhouse child, and by his own force of character alone had managed to defeat all the efforts that fate had made to sour his heart and ruin his morals.

When it was understood that Jim's sign was out for matrimony, it was perfectly amazing to observe how opportunities opened to him. But somehow or other he failed to "improve" them, until, as he was hastening along the street one day, a distressed cry reached his ear. A young woman, in crossing the street, had been hit by a dray-horse, and her basket of eggs knocked from her head. Her scream of terror and pain was now followed by tears for her loss, and Jim felt for the pretty weeper the instant stirrings of genuine pity in his heart. Everybody knows what pity is mother to; Jim, however, didn't know then, but he soon discovered. He was taken by surprise, it must be confessed, but he surrendered without much trouble, and the next thing was to make Peggy, dear, surrender.

They were married, and found true happiness aboard the lightship. Peggy soon grew accustomed to its motions; and even storms, violent and awful as they sometimes came, did not cause her to repent that she had chosen it for her home.

Five years passed, and in the light-ship were three pretty children—sea-birds that had never seen the shore.

How undesirable a dwelling theirs seemed to be—how those that swept past them toward the land commiserated their condition—how awful was the thought that a family of human beings were chained there, and not permitted to flee from the wildest storm. There they must remain, and pitch and toss, season after season, year after year, cut off from life, as it seemed—set apart for desolation. The thought added appreciably to the illness of many a miserable voyager, as his vessel bore him past the light-ship. No person of any largeness of sympathy, when finding himself utterly unable to keep right side up—finding, too, that tables, and dishes, and food and clothes, were all mingling in glorious equality with men, and women and children, could fail to pity the far more deplorable case of those who had such for their constantly recurring experience.

But such sympathy was wasted. Jim cared no more for a howling storm than he did for the song of a canary; he would as soon see things topsy-turvy as any other way; Peggy had got quite used to being "stirred up," and the children had been accustomed to it from their birth. None of them was ever sick, and they could walk *up* almost as well as straight ahead—that is, they could progress perpendicularly with about as much ease as they could horizontally. As for being pitched all in a mess on to each other, rolled out of their beds, and upset from their seats, why, that was regular fun. It took the place of concerts and parties, and such sort of amusements.

The light-ship was a happy home. Peggy was a Christian girl when she married Jim, and she never rested nor left off to beseech the mercy of Heaven, until her beloved husband learned to bow in veneration before his Maker, and to lift his face in love, crying, "Abba Father."

And the voice of prayer and praise daily arose from the floating home.

No loss, no death came nigh them. The years went, and the children grew strong, rosy and tall, in the salt sea air, until one day it was found that Marina was seventeen years old. This was the eldest child, a daughter, named by a government official who had been on board the vessel at the time of her birth. She was a most beautiful creature. Seldom, in a whole lifetime, does one see two persons so beautiful as was that light-ship's light and glory.

The parents were as proud of their fair child's loveliness, as if all the world were every day beholding it.

Jim told his wife that the girl certainly *was* a beauty, but that she did not *quite* come up to what her mother was when he had first seen her.

This was truth as far as Jim was concerned, but no farther, for to no one else had Peggy been remarkably beautiful. But Venus herself, when she rose from the foam of the sea, was not more lovely than our peerless Marina. And what made her still more enchanting, she had not an idea of her own charms.

She was tall and slender as a swaying reed, but not at all thin. Her fair, soft flesh no sun or wind could tan. Her hair was of a burnished brown, thick, fine, and curling all about her face and shoulders. Features and color were perfect, expression angel-like, not in the flat sense of exclusive gentleness, but in the high sense of nobleness, steadfastness, purity and strength of soul. Her teeth were like rows of pearl—not one twisting pain had ever darted through any of them; and her eyes—oh! spare us—wait until they once are turned upon a man who has a free heart in his breast. Her smile was such an one as many have imagined was the Stewart smile—that royal smile which so enchanted those who saw it playing on the lips of any of that unhappy race. Her laughter was like the music of fairy bells; her motions grace and poetry combined, and her disposition was as lovely as her person. Alas! why could not there be more such creatures of delight born on this earth? It is a blessed thing to know that all who enter Heaven shall be as beautiful, nay, more beautiful, than sweet Marina was.

A yachting party from the city passed the light-ship, and out of curiosity some of the company boarded her.

Mr. Brown often received such company. He was always polite and pleasant—always jovial and companionable. The present call was agreeable to both parties, and with mutual good feeling the new acquaintances were about parting, when Marina came running upon deck, in full pursuit of a little half-dressed brother, who had objected to having his hair combed. Seeing the strangers, she stopped, blushed, and slightly bowed.

There was a young man in the company whose parents' death had left him almost relationless in the world. He had been unhappy, almost wretched, because he had nothing to love, no one whose love he desired. Wealth was his in abundance; he possessed a costly home, but he could not content himself to remain in it. He was ever roving in search of he had not known what. But the moment his eyes met those of Marina he learned what it was, and who it was, that he was seeking. He leaped from the side of the ship back on to her deck, and, in as much haste as though he feared some one would be before him, (as he did) begged for an introduction to "that matchless lady."

"She is my daughter, sir," said Brown, laughing at the gentleman's manner, though swelling with paternal pride and pleasure at the profound and deferential admiration which his child had inspired.

"Will you give her to me?" was the next abrupt question, after the father had signed to Marina to speak to the gentleman.

"Give her to you?" exclaimed the astonished parent. "What do you mean?" anger was in his tones.

"Lockwood, to the rescue," said the daring man. "Speak for me. If this lovely vision consents, I must have her for my own. Tell her father who I am; show him that his child shall not be a loser by a change of homes and protectors."

Then, before the companion whom he addressed could respond to his call, he added—

"I am a rich man, and I try to be a good one, I have no mother nor sister on the earth. I have been seeking for a wife for years, but found no woman who could draw my heart to herself until I looked upon your daughter, and lo! it has gone. This is a strange, ill-chosen spot and time for wooing, but I am pushed on by a power I cannot resist. Ask her if I repel or attract her; if the latter, do not refuse to give her to me. I will guard and love her as my own soul, and she shall move as queen amid the highest of our land. I speak thus plainly and hastily because I will never look again upon your face, if I may not come in hope."

"Mr. Welmont, you astonish and bewilder me so that I can't rightly think. You want to *marry* my girl?"

"If she will consent."

"But she cannot even write her own name. What will a gentleman like you do with my humble little girl, that only knows how to be a good, loving child, and to obey her parents?"

"She shall be taught."

"But you will be ashamed of her when you see her on the shore, and when she is before your friends. My child is no fitting bride for such as you."

"I will have her fitted to grace any company. I understand your feelings, and know your fears; but I feel in my own mind what was never there before, a perfect conviction that there are in your daughter no faults of any kind which I cannot patiently and kindly try to cure, or even bear, if they are not to be cured. If she can speak thus from her feelings towards me, this certainly is mutual true love at first sight, a thing which, until this day, I have supposed to be a poetic fiction."

He turned on Marina his beaming eyes; hers fell beneath their gaze. Bright blushes came and went over her face, and a little smile tried to show itself upon her lips. She struggled hard to check the mischievous thing, but it was observed.

"What have you to say, my girl?" asked her father, half laughing, but doubt and trouble in his clear, honest eyes.

Marina played nervously with the boy's cap that she held, but made no answer.

"Will you not speak, sweet lady?" said Welmont, going to her, and taking in his one of her pretty hands. "Speak fearlessly and plainly. You shall not be influenced save as you desire to act. I would prize you as my life. I would cherish and honor you as perfectly as man ever cherished and honored woman; but not for life or pleasure would I say one word to win you, if your love holds back, and doubts whether I am its rightful object. Speak, lady, your words shall decide our fate.

"I am an ignorant girl, knowing not even how to judge of my own feelings; but if to feel that I could go out alone with you over this wide, rolling sea; if to feel that to be ever near you would be my happiness and pride, and that to your will mine could ever humbly, and without a struggle, bow—be to love you, then my heart is yours, and if my father gives consent, I will go with you, I ask not where."

This she said with a grace and dignity, as well as with a beautiful earnestness, which many a society bred lady might vainly attempt to imitate.

If Welmont was charmed before, he was enraptured now. Hardly able to contain himself, he turned his eyes upon the father of her whose hand he still held.

"Well, if that's it, I suppose you must have her," said poor Mr. Brown, with his eyes full of tears. "But, as I'm a plain man, you must excuse me for plain speaking, and you can't take her away from this ship till you are her lawful husband. She must be married, too, by the same good dominie that spliced her mother and me. Marina, go call your mother."

It was explained to the astonished Mrs. Brown that if she had no objection, her daughter was that day week to be married to the noble and handsome looking man, who bore the name of Welmont.

By the expression of all faces that sensible woman perceived that, whether she had any objections or *not*, the wedding was to take place; she, therefore, very wisely gave her consent. But she was so confounded and mystified that she was not able to think clearly for several days.

When she did become as calm as was usual with her, she told her husband that in her opinion he was "a hasty and fool-hardy man, and as for Marina, she was a perfect young goose."

This was the most like a scolding of anything that James had ever heard from the lips of his faithful and loving spouse. It rather pleased him than otherwise. He assured his wife, however, that he had not been quite so reckless as she believed; for that he had remembered, while the young man was talking, that he had known him when he was a boy, and that his family was one that had always been noted for its worth in the sense of character.

The next week Welmont, true to his appointment, came and carried off his bride.

It must be remembered that Marina's feet had, hitherto, never once pressed the solid land—only from afar off had her eyes even beheld it. How strange, then, was everything to the wondering bride. She felt as if she was in a new world when she reached the shore. Houses were to her a marvel; trees, cattle, flower-gardens, carriages, the waving grain, the springing grass, everything to her was a wonder. But she said nothing—she felt strange and shy. When she attempted to walk all the politeness of her husband and his friends could not prevent them from feeling very great amusement at her odd motions. In point of fact, she walked very much as swans do. It was clear that land was not her native element. It was not the purpose of Welmont to introduce his wife publicly for several years to come. He, therefore, went quietly home with her, and sending for a lady friend, one who had been a dear friend to his mother, he confided to her the history of what he had done, and besought her aid in directing the outfit of his bride for *school*. Mrs. Belton commended his wise arrangements, lent him every assistance in her power, and in a very short time Marina was equipped and off for school. The husband thought best to have it understood that the new pupil was his wife; but he assured the teachers that he should not presume to ask for her company oftener than once every six months while she remained in the school.

Marina did not relish all this so well as some young ladies might have done. Much rather would she have remained with Welmont. Books she liked when it was but to read them that she was expected, but hard study was quite another thing. She made no objections to her husband's desires, but after he had parted from her, she went to her own room and wept sadly.

A volume might easily be written upon the adventures of Marina while in this school. She was a perfect original in every respect. She knew actually nothing of the ways of people ashore, and of whatever thing she had knowledge it was a different form of knowledge from that which her companions possessed. She was, however, soon a very great favorite, both with teachers and pupils, and in a few weeks she found herself settling happily to her studies and her new mode of life. Welmont took care that she should hear frequently from her parents; and twice each week a letter from him reached her.

At the end of six months he came with her mother to visit her. Marina cried with delight at beholding them; and cried again with sorrow when they went away. Three times more did her husband visit her. The third time he found her so improved that he concluded that any longer stay at school was quite unnecessary, and, to Marina's unbounded joy, he told her, as he clasped her fervently to his heart, that *now* they would part no more.

And now the Light-Ship rocks upon the wave, without its brightest light. That light has gone to shine in another home, a home not rocking to every wave and to every wind, but a home of wealth and magnificence on the shore.

THERE is not greater difference between the living and the dead, than between a wise man and a blockhead.

SLEEP SETTLES ON MY DROWSY EYES.

BY H. C. Y.

Sleep settles on my drowsy eyes,
And calls my soul away
From all the fretting cares and strifes,
And labors of the day.

My brain is overcharged with thought,
And needs this midnight rest;
Oh! come, sweet Ino, make for me
A pillow of thy breast.

Through all this sad and weary day
I've borne a heavy heart,
Because from thy dear presence soon
I must so widely part.

But come and comfort me, beloved,
And whisper in my ear,
As soft I sink to happy sleep,
The words I love to hear.

Whisper, "I love you," tell me, sweet,
That parting shall not chill
The fond and gentle tenderness
That all thy heart doth fill.

Oh! clasp me, cling to me, beloved,
And kiss my closing eyes;
Embrace again the resting head
That on this bosom lies.

And think upon that happy time,
When our long parting o'er,
We thus shall meet and love again,
Fearing to part no more.

MY FIRST PATIENT.

A SCRAP FROM A PHYSICIAN'S DIARY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

One beautiful spring morning I sat down at my desk to write a letter to my friend Burchard. I informed him that I had surmounted every difficulty, that I had passed my examination with extraordinary success and honor, and that I had received my diploma with feelings not only of gratitude, but with a deep sense of the responsibility I had taken, or was about to take, upon myself. I furthermore informed him that I wished to enter into practice at once, and—would he be kind enough to tell me of some place where there was a good opening? After my signature I put an enormous M. D., and then folded the letter, directed it, and dropped it into the post. In a few days I received an answer, in which my friend, after a due amount of flattery and encouragement, informed me that there was an excellent "opening" at Popham. He said he had had an eye on it for some time with especial reference to myself. He also sent a letter of introduction to one of the most influential men in the place, whom, he said, I should find honorable and trustworthy.

As soon as I could settle up my affairs at college I posted off for Popham, which I found to be a thriving country village, beautifully situated upon a small stream, with plenty of noble mountains around it. There was one physician in the place, but he was an old man, and had laid by quite a snug little fortune from his practice. I called upon him, and he said he was glad I was coming, for he had done about as much work as he cared for. I engaged rooms with a respectable widow lady, laid in a good stock of drugs and medicines, made the best possible show of my charts and pictures, left such of my surgical instruments in sight as would be likely to attract attention, and then put out my "shingle."

The first day I spent alone in my office, if I except one or two visits from my landlady, who came to see how I liked my room. On the second day an old lady called in to inquire if I was from "York State." I told her I was, and she then wished to know if I could tell her anything of her son John. What was his other name? I asked. "John Wobblepop." No—I never heard the name before. She answered me that John was in York State somewhere, and she as much as hinted that he was a good-for-nothing scape-grace, remarking at the same time, that he might "turn up to be a lawyer or a doctor yet."

On the next day a young man called upon me, and from the thickly padded bandage about his face, I judged that he had the tooth-ache. And so it proved. One of his molars "had been jumpin' all night," he said. I brought forth my instrustruments, and at the sight of them his tooth became suddenly quiet, and he concluded not to have it out.

And so four days passed away, and I had not a patient; but on the morning of the fifth day, however, the sky brightened a bit. I had just finished my breakfast, and had sat down over a book, when my bell was rung, and presently the landlady, who happened to be in the hall, opened my door and introduced the caller. He was a small, pale, nervous looking man; somewhere about fifty years of age; with a keen, brilliant, restless eye, and an intelligent face. He sat down without speaking, and as I cast my eyes towards the door I saw my hostess beckoning to me. I went to her, and she whispered in my ear—

"That's old Guilford—Peter Guilford." And then she went away.

What did she mean? Why did she whisper so mysteriously? I was upon the point of following her, to inquire if there was anything peculiar about my visitor, when he spoke to me.

"You are the doctor?" he said.

"Yes," I told him, resuming my seat at the table.

"Are you at leisure?"

"Entirely so," I answered.

"Well," he resumed, in a lower key, and, I thought, with some tremulousness in his speech, "I have a case which I wish you to attend to. If you will come with me you shall be made acquainted with all the circumstances."

"What sort of a case is it? What is the disease?" I asked.

"You must come and see for yourself," he replied. "It is a very curious case, and has baffled them all thus far. You must see it."

"Then it is something very intricate," I suggested.

"Not at all," he said. "On the contrary, it is very simple and plain; but none of them dare to undertake the operation."

"Ah—a case for surgery?"

"Yes. You are a surgeon?"

I professed to be; and I was; for I had dissected every part of the human frame, and knew all its ramifications, besides having assisted at many critical operations.

"My name is Peter Guilford. You may have heard of me," the man said.

I told him I had never heard the name before, to my recollection, only as the landlady introduced him. He said he was glad of that, for I could attend to the case without prejudice.

"If you succeed, or if you will make a fair trial," he added, "you shall be amply rewarded. Now come with me."

I had detected from the first that my visitor was not of a perfectly sound mind, but I could see nothing in his speech or manner that was at all out of the way. It was only in his eye, and about the corners of his mouth that I could discover the signs of mental difficulty. Yet I resolved to go with him. There could be no harm, if there was no good; so I put on my hat and followed him from the house. As we passed along the street I noticed that people watched him narrowly, and I thought they regarded me with a sort of pitying look. At first this troubled me some, but I soon overcame that, and moved partly, perhaps, by curiosity, I kept on.

Finally the old man stopped before a cottage-built house, which was surrounded by a fine flower-garden, while beyond was a magnificent orchard, containing fruit trees of every possible variety that could flourish in that climate. He passed up the garden to the broad piazza, and having opened the door, he bade me enter first. I did so, and he then waited upon me into a well-furnished apartment, containig a valuable library, and several choice old paintings.

"Now, sir," he said, as he rolled out a large chair for me, "if you will be seated you shall hear the case just as it is."

At this moment a side door was opened, and a human face appeared. It was the face of a female, young and beautiful—so beautiful that I felt my heart palpitate in a moment. Long ringlets of dark brown hair fell in a luxuriant mass upon her shoulders; and I could see enough of her form to assure me that it was as graceful as her face was fair. There was an anxious, prayerful expression working upon her features, which, I thought, changed to a hopeful look as her gaze rested upon myself.

"Alice, darling," said the old man, "I have found the new doctor. I shall not want you now."

She withdrew without speaking, and it was not until my companion spoke that I ceased to gaze upon the spot where I had seen the fair vision.

"Doctor," he said, with earnest feeling, "you'd hardly believe that I am afflicted with a mortal malady."

It required but a few seconds for me to make up my mind how I would proceed. If the man was suffering under any hallucination, it must be some kind of monomania, and I determined to answer him in everything exactly as though he were perfectly sane.

"I should not judge so from your looks," I replied, "though looks are often deceptive."

"They are very deceptive, sir—very deceptive," he resumed; "for I have a malady so mortal that, unless I can find immediate relief, I am a doomed man! In short, sir, I expect, every hour, the cold touch of death! And—it must soon come, for every passing hour sees the danger grow more imminent."

"Is it possible?" I returned. "Pray, sir, inform me of its nature."

"I will, sir.—Wait a momont. Here he pressed both his hands upon his left breast, and having groaned for a while, as if in deep pain, he gradually recovered from the paroxysm, and then proceeded:

"At the foot of my peach orchard there is a small brook, the waters of which flow from a spring on the side of the hill. One day, about two years ago, as I was at work among my trees, I went to the brook to drink. I knelt down and drank heartily, and, sir—*drank a small snake down with the water!*"

At this point his frame was convulsed by a fearful shudder, and his hands were again pressed upon his bosom.

"Yes, sir," he continued, with a look of agony, "I drank a snake! And it has grown within me until it has become a monster. But, sir, this is not the worst. The snake has wound himself around my heart, and is tightening his fold every day. Let me show you, sir."

He went to the library, and from one of the shelves he took down a roll of paper, and having opened it he exhibited it to me. It was the drawing of a man, done with colored crayon, and was, of itself, a fine piece of art. The breast was laid open, from the top of the sternum to the diaphragm, and the heart and lungs perfectly drawn and colored. About the heart was coiled a black snake, and so naturally was it pictured that it fairly made me shudder to look at it.

"There," said he, "is the exact situation of my heart. The snake is coiled more tightly about it now, however, than he was when I made this drawing, and the pulsations must soon stop if he be not removed. I have studied the anatomy of the human frame with especial reference to my case, and hence I know just how it is as well as though my skin and flesh and bones were of glass, and I could gaze through them. I have called upon Doctor Wardwell many times, but his ignorance is beyond belief. He even insists that there is no snake there. You need not look surprised, sir, for I am telling you the truth. He does really insist upon it. What is your opinion of such a physician?"

"A physician should make a thorough examination and convince himself beyond a doubt, before he ventures an opinion," I replied, at a venture.

"You are right, sir!" the man cried, grasping my hand, and giving it a warm shake. "You give me hopes. I have applied to other physicians, and they have all proved themselves the same contemptible dolts! They are asses, sir!—consummate asses—every one! I would not send a dog to them for physic!"

I was satisfied now that I had a most confirmed monomaniac to deal with, and after a little reflection I resolved to try him awhile before I gave him up, and appear to give full credit to his story.

"Do you think," I asked, "that this snake is within the pericardium?"

"Of course he is," replied Guilford, again showing his drawing. "Here, you see his exact position. Just observe—the tail has a turn around the ascending vena cava; the body overlaps both auricles and ventricles; then, you see, the neck is thrust through beneath the curve of the aorta; while his head is left to bite away at the arteria innominita and the descending vena cava. Mercy, sir! how long do you think I can live thus? I tell you I am liable to die any moment—and what must be the agony when the fatal hour comes! Only think of it, sir! I should have cut my heart out long ago—long ago, sir—but for my sweet child—my darling Alice. She said I might not do it properly—that I might take my own life, and thus leave her alone—and I have desisted. But it must come out! It must come out!"

I conversed some farther with him, being very careful to give the appearance of full credit to all he said, and in the end I was satisfied that no ordinary application could cure him. He had dwelt upon the subject so long, and had spent so much time over that terrible drawing, that the thing had become as firmly fixed in his belief as was the fact of life. He was suffering more than I had at first supposed, and I was soon satisfied that he would, at no distant day, take his own life in the attempt to remove the serpent, if he could not be rid of the hallucination.

As I sat there and gazed upon the wretched man, and thought of his fair daughter, (I thought of her sufferings then) I entertained a faint hope that I might help him. I had read of quite a number of cases of monomania that had been successfully treated by pure strategy; and I had also heard an excellent lecture from one of our professors upon the same subject. But I must see the daughter, and confer with her first. (Upon my soul, it was with only professional thought that I planned that conference.) I sounded Guilford's lungs, and examined his heart very thoroughly. There was much palpitation—enough, at times, to give oppressive pain; but there was no local or organic disease. It was purely sympathetic, as I could tell from the operation of the rest of the vital functions.

Finally I told him I must go home and study upon his case, and that I would come on the following day and see him again. He asked me if I had any hope. I told him I had. He seemed overjoyed to hear me say so, and when I took my leave he said he should be after me if I did not come as I had promised.

I passed out through the garden, and had just reached the gate, when I heard a light footfall behind me, and a low voice calling—"Doctor." I stopped, and met Alice. At first I forgot the suffering father in the presence of such loveliness; but her speech quickly recalled me to my senses.

"You are a physician?" she said.

I told her I was.

"And my father has called you to consult with you about his fearful malady?" She was not coy or bashful at all, but earnest, eager, and entreating.

"Yes," I told her.

"And can you help him? Is there any help for him?"

"I can tell better," I answered, "when I know more of his case; and for that very purpose I was desirous of seeing you."

Her eyes sparkled hopefully as I spoke thus, and she started to walk with me towards a distant part of the garden. (I felt something about my own heart just then, but nothing like a serpent.) I questioned her freely, and gained from her all the information I needed. She said her father had been suffering thus for over a year, and that during that time he had fallen from a ruddy, corpulent man to the faded being I had seen. He could feel the serpent about his heart, and sometimes his agony of fear was so intense that he had begged of her, upon his bended knees, to cut open his breast and tear the monster forth. She said she did not think he had ever swallowed anything, as he had supposed; or, if he had, it must have passed away without trouble, for he had never complained of anything in any other part of his body. I asked her if he was ever at fault upon any other subject. She said he was not—that in everything else he was perfectly sane. Would he kill himself if he was not helped? She was sure he would. He had prepared a knife several times for that purpose, and only her most urgent prayers and entreaties had stayed his hand.

I left her, and went home. I pondered upon the subject during the rest of the day, and before night my resolution was taken. I was determined to make the experiment, hit or miss. Early on the following morning I walked out of the village upon a ledgy hillside, where I had seen quite a number of snakes during previous strolls, and after spending nearly two hours there, and getting almost discouraged, I succeeded in killing a large snake of the "striped" species. Having stowed this carefully away out of sight, I proceeded next to the butcher's, where I was fortunate enough to find a number of large calves just killed. I asked for the heart of the largest, and also requested that they would allow me to take it out myself. My request was freely granted, and having taken up some of the principal arteries, as I severed them, so as to retain what little blood there might be in them, I did my prize up in a napkin, and hurried home.

My next movement was to fasten the door of my office, and then I went at work upon the strange materials I had obtained. I wound the snake about the heart of the calf, exactly as I had seen represented in the drawing Guilford had shown me, fastening it in its place by tiny bits of wire. When this was done I placed the whole in a napkin, and laid this in a small covered basket. Then I took my case of surgical instruments, and a small galvanic battery, and thus armed, I set out upon my mission. I found Alice before I saw her father, and communicated to her the whole of my plan, and asked her if she would not assist me. She assented readily and hopefully.

I then went in and saw my patient, and found him suffering a spasm from the pressing of the snake upon his heart.

"Ah!" he cried, as he saw me, "I see hope in your face.."

"Yes," I replied, solemnly; "I have some hope, though it is faint. I have come prepared to try the experiment, if you are willing to submit. But I tell you, beforehand, there is danger of your life. I must take your heart out, and run the risk of getting it back again. You can judge of the danger as well as I can. There are three chances of your dying during the operation to one of surviving it. What say you?"

"Were the chances only one in a thousand in my favor, I would stand the hazard!" was his quick reply. "So go at work at once."

"But you must be governed strictly by my directions," I said.

He consented immediately.

"Your daughter must help me," I added.

"If she will I should be most happy," was his answer.

"She will do anything which would be for your benefit, I am sure," said I. And then I directed him to remove his coat and vest, and while he was doing this I made a great display of my surgical instruments upon the table. After this I informed him that I must tie his hands behind him. He objected to this at first, but when I explained to him that the least movement on his part might prove fatal, he readily consented. I lashed his hands as I had said, and then passed a long towel about his chin, and secured the ends behind his high-backed chair, thus precluding the possibility of his bend-forward, or looking down upon his breast. I next placed my galvanic battery beneath his chair, being careful that he did not see it, and fixed the negative pole against his back, directly opposite the heart.

I now called in Alice, and she told her father it would give her pleasure to render any assistance in her power. He thanked her, and we then proceeded at once with the work. I laid bare the patient's breast, while Alice secretly placed the little basket at hand. Then I took one of the largest knives, and made a motion before the man's eyes as though it were about to perform its terrible work, but he did not flinch a hair. Thus assured, I approached him and laid the point against his flesh. He did not even shudder then. With a large needle I made a deep, pain-giving scratch, the whole length of the left breast, and the only movement the patient made was to close his eyes. He could not look down to see what I was doing, so he seemed to have no desire to look anywhere. As soon as I had made the scratch, which left a long line of blood in its track, I caused Alice to apply the positive pole of the battery to his breast, the knob being covered with a moist sponge. This, of course, gave a continuous shock in the region of the heart, and I could see that the man was holding his breath. For a few moments I worked over his breast, and then stooped down and drew the heart, which I had prepared, from the basket. I removed the threads with which I had bound the arteries, and then held it up to his view.

"There," I cried as I commenced to unwind the snake from the dripping heart, "just see what a condition you've been in. But don't speak—don't utter a word. If you obey me now I'll save you."

I saw his eye sparkle as the beams of hope irradiated his countenance. He watched me while I uncoiled the snake, and he saw me drop the reptile upon the floor and stamp upon it with my foot. Then I hastened to him again—pretended to replace his heart—and having drawn the skin together I proceeded to fix on bars of adhesive plaster until the whole breast was covered, when the poles of the battery were removed, and the little basket, with the heart in it, put out of sight.

"The job is done!" I said, as I cast loose his hands, and unbound his head. "Did you feel any peculiar sensation while your heart was out?"

"A terrible throbbing," he whispered, "which seemed to go through my whole body."

"That was the result of a sudden suspension of the circulation," I replied.

He commenced to bless me for what I had done; but I stopped him short, and told him he must go to bed, and remain perfectly quiet for a few days. Before I left I made such arrangements with Alice as I thought proper with regard to the care of her father, and promised to visit him often.

Peter Guilford was entirely deceived and cured. In one week I allowed him to move about, and in two weeks I removed the plasters from his breast. He saw the long scar, where the point of the needle had plowed up the skin, and he firmly believed that his heart had been taken thence and put back again. He had no more trouble—no more difficulty. The snake had left him, and he had it preserved in a bottle of spirits; but both he and his child, at my request, kept the method of my cure a secret. In a little while the news spread abroad that I had cured "Crasy Guilford," and patients were plenty. My practice became at once extensive and lucrative.

But while Peter Guilford's heart was cured, mine had become most seriously affected, as I one day confessed to him. He laughed, and said if I could find the cure on his premises I was welcome to it. I asked Alice if she would help me in my difficulty, and she very modestly and blushingly, but yet very happily, said she would. So sweet Alice became my wife, and I found a home beneath her father's roof.

I had been married two years, and all had been sunshine and joy. One day, as I sat in the library, with my wife and her father, the latter fell into a fit of musing, He had begun to grow corpulent and robust once more, and enjoyed much of the old health again.

"Doctor," he said, looking me earnestly in the eye, "I have thought much of late concerning the strange malady of which you cured me. Those two years of suffering seem like a dream—a long terrible dream—to me. I cannot realize what I felt and believed then. I must have been wrong here"—and he touched his brow significantly with his fingers. "Was it not so? Tell me the truth. Could a snake have been there, or could *such an operation* have been performed, and a man been living? Tell me truly."

"What do *you* think?" I asked.

"It *could not* have been so," he answered, promptly.

"Of course it could not," I rejoined. "If you have been deceived you will admit that the deception was the means of your cure."

He made me explain it all to him, and when I was done he was even more joyous than when he was first made to believe that I had removed the serpent from his breast. He broke the bottle, and threw the ugly snake away; and bounded forth into a new life, with his mind as free and buoyant as ever.

ONE THING WANTING.

BY JULIUS HENRY.

A cry of terrific import rang through the mighty ship—she was sinking. Terror sat on all faces—anguish surged upon all hearts.

But the sturdy and active seamen did not pause to wring their hands in despair. They hastened to cast off the ship's boats, and to pass over into them food, blankets, and wine, and many other things necessary to preserve life in a voyage on the sea in open boats. Great sails were cast down to be used to protect women and children from sun, and wind, and storm. Lastly the affrighted passengers were handed over and safely bestowed in their appointed places. The captain stood bravely at his post on the sinking vessel until the last man but himself had deserted her, and then he too bade farewell to the decks whereon he had long stood as commander. The good ship was the captain's only home, and that home was settling slowly beneath his feet, to an ocean grave; what wonder that there were tears in the stout man's eyes and a huskiness in his voice as, on taking his place among his men, he cried out—

"Pull away, my boys; give Poor Jenny a wide birth, for she will go into her death-struggle in a few moments more!"

What wonder that his heart felt sad, thus to part with his vessel, even though he had no fears about soon making some safe harbor?

They had good strong boats, able bodied and courageous men, plenty of provisions, drink and clothing; in short, everything that they needed to make them comfortable for weeks, even, should it be so long before they reached the land. Everything! *had* they everything that they needed?

"My God!" cried the captain, starting to his feet, his face white with utter dismay and his strong frame convulsed; "we have forgotten *the compass*."

A faintness fell upon the stoutest heart as those words were shouted forth; and the oars dropped from the hands of the appalled mariners; for at the instant in which they were uttered the ship plunged forward, and, then struggling and groaning, sank from the sight of all.

It was *too late* to repair that loss—that *fatal* loss. And now what availed their outfit of clothing, water, and provisions? What but to prolong the agony of knowing that their probable doom was to be a slow and agonizing death? There was not a sign in the heavens, or on the sea, by which these hapless voyagers could direct their course. A dense fog had obscured the heavens for many days; it still hung damp and heavy, about them; and now its chill and gloom struck to their hearts.

They had no compass—they knew not which way to go; nor could they tell certainly that they were not rowing constantly in a circle, which in all probability they were doing

The intention had been to keep together, and cheer each other by company; but it was not long before one of the three boats was lost sight of, and all the shouting and calling that the men could do never reunited them. This one boat, when its occupants were nearly starved to death, was found by an American vessel; but of the others no word was ever heard. For want of a compass they had miserably perished. Any person who has ever tried to walk in a direct line upon a moonlit prairie can have a good idea of how vain would be the task of trying to row straight ahead through a dense fog upon the sea. Without doubt, those unfortunate sailors exhausted themselves with fruitless efforts, and then perished by famine, or were whelmed in the stormy sea.

And all this wo just because of lacking *one* thing. Is there no meaning in this dismal story, deeper than anything relating to the body? Is not life a sea? Are we not all, in frail and open vessels, sailing over its dangerous and bewildering waves? Have not many of us a rich supply of comforts for our voyage, but how many of us have remembered to take our compass?

Oh! mariner, out on a stormy sea,
A chart and a compass are offered to thee;
The fog is around thee, the breakers before,
And terror and warning are heard in their roar.

But one thing is wanting to guide thee in peace,
Safe to the fair haven where dangers shall cease,
And daily 'tis offered thee—turn not aside
From Jesus—thy compass, thy chart, and thy guide.

HYPOCHONDRIACS.

One half of mankind appear to be constantly devising means for throwing away their lives, whilst another, and far from inconsiderable portion, are occupied in endeavors to prolong their mortal leases. Here we see the flame extinguished by carelessness, there it burns faint from constant fanning. The former class seem to suppose that they bear a charmed life, that the better part of Kehama's curse is upon them, that heat will not injure, nor cold chill, nor water drown them; and that, like Major Longbow himself, they cannot die if they would. The latter, on the contrary, love "the pomp, pride, and circumstance" of sickness, and have a strong natural taste for physic, flannel and barley water; they weigh their meat, drop their wine, feel their pulse till it flutters, are hourly examiners of the tints of their tongues, know every symptomatic shade of red, white, and brown, and consider those as the best employed moments of their existence in which they are sipping water-gruel, taking alteratives, or promoting gentle perspiration. These unfortunate creatures, if asked how they live, might answer, like victims of the Mal-aria, "We die;" for they eat, speak, and act as if they saw the sword of Damocles constantly suspended over their heads. We allude not, of course, to those who are really ill, and to whom care and caution are duties, but to that tolerably large class of individuals who, if they did not think of their ailments, would have no ailments to think about. "When the *head's void*, the body's delicate," and food for the mind would in some cases be more beneficial than physic for the body. Single women without lovers, and married ones without children, if they have not a party to prepare for, a flounce to embroider, or a new novel to read, are sometimes obliged to lie on a sofa, do nothing, and think of their nerves. It has been said,

"Blest above her sex the lady
Who knows nothing about nerves."

The less these sensitive cobwebs are thought about, the better it is for the peace of their owners: ignorance of *them* may, indeed, be called a blissful ignorance.

In our climate, intellectual discipline and exertion are particularly required, in order to counteract the effects of the varying pressure of the atmosphere. This will, in a few hours, increase from one hundred weight to half a ton, and what can become of the head which has only a vacuum to oppose to so enormous a pressure? The busy may complain of the day, but have no time to think of its effects; while the idle remark every slight sensation in their frames, smell to ether, drink camphor julap, and threaten themselves with fever, asthma, or apoplexy. The society of a real invalid is much more agreeable than that of one of these fanciful people. The former describes the symptoms and treatment of but one complaint, but the latter cannot condescend to have less than a complication of disorders. A Fezzan proverb says, "Give a Morzoukowi your finger, he will beg first the elbow, and then the shoulder-bone as keepsakes;" and of a hypochondriacal patient one may with truth affirm, "Grant him a cold in the head, and he will make you pity him for pleurisy or consumption." In real illness, too, there is often a resignation and reserve, a sort of shrinking from pity and disclosure; while the fanciful draw on your compassion till you are wearied, and describe circumstances and effects till minuteness excites disgust.

THE SICK CHAMBER.

There is enough in a sick chamber to lower the pride of the proudest, the vanity of the most vain. Terrible is the tax there paid to the mortal part of man. There the mind quails under the power of the dust it tries to despise; there delicacy suffers martyrdom, energy faints, fortitude is overcome, genius extinguished, temper lost. There strength and independence are propped on pillows and fed by another's hand; there heroism learns to weep, and patience to complain; the philosopher is surprised at the superiority of opium to reasoning; the Christian starts at his unwilling murmurs. There all that once was pleasure becomes wearisome; the imagination loathes music, mirth and feasting; the memory flies from scenes of wild joy and laughter, of splendor, gaiety, and show, and lingers round those calm resting-places which once perhaps seemed dull and cheerless; there lessons are learned in an hour, which a long life had failed to teach.

WHOM TO MARRY.

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, "look out for one distinguished for her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behavior, joined by the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.

POLITE.—There is a gentleman in this city so polite that he begs his own pardon every time he tumbles down; being good-natured, he always grants it.

GREATEST OF ALL.

BY ALICE CARY.

Hope never stops in his daring cruise
Vainly to sorrow o'er
The quivering trunks of the waves that loose
Their curly heads on the shore.

Faith, when her heart has known the blight
Of noisy doubts and fears,
Goes thenceforward clad in the light
Of the still eternal years.

Truth is Truth: no *more* in the prayers
Of the righteous Pharisee;
No *less* in the humblest sinner that wears
This poor mortality.

But Love is greatest of all: no loss
Can shadow its face with gloom,—
As glorious hanging on the cross
As breaking out of the tomb.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Theophilus Wiggins was a bachelor, and had been so—from time immemorial, I was going to say—but I will modify it, and say—from the earliest recollection of the oldest inhabitant. He had seen all the daughters, (I think I am safe in adding all the grand-daughters,) of the mothers he had courted, get married and settled. Yet he was a bachelor still; and, if he was to be believed, a bachelor in the very prime of life—say thirty, or thirty-five, or somewhere thereabouts. Theophilus Wiggins, Esquire, as he was proud to be addressed—but Top Wiggy, as he was generally spoken of—was no longer the man he had been, though much of the same appearance—an oculist, a dentist, a limb-maker, a *perruquier*, a perfumer, and a tailor, having each contributed to supply some deficiency of time, accident, or nature. In other words, our ancient friend had a false leg, false hips, false breast, false hair, false teeth, false complexion, and one false eye; and if he had not a false heart, it was not his fault, for he had been many times jilted by one who had.

As time wore on, and the task of the maker-up of Mr. Wiggins' person, (his valet de chambre,) increased to an onerous duty, Theophilus began seriously to entertain the notion of marriage; and he reasoned that if he were to marry at all, he might as well set about it in the hey-day of his youth—or rather his manhood—since he now acknowledged, at least to himself, that he had attained to years of discretion.

Being rich, he did not care particularly about marrying for money; and being handsome, (in his own estimation,) he did not care particularly about marrying for beauty, you would say——But stop! the analogy is not complete; for though Mr. Wiggins had money enough for two, he was by no means satisfied he had beauty enough for two; and therefore the future Mrs. Wiggins must be handsome, though poor; refined, too, the future Mrs. Wiggins must be; and, to compare with her husband, youthful; and with youth, beauty, and refinement, Theophilus fancied he could get along as well married as single, if not better.

But how was he to obtain such a wife? He cast about him with an inquiring mind, but found none who exactly came up to his standard; nor could he remember any, now single; though he had a good memory, which ran far back into antiquity.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, one morning, while his valet was putting him together for the day. "I have it!" and he rubbed his hands with glee.

"Have what, sir?—the gout?" asked his maker-up.

"Gout! No, fool!" cried Theophilus, indignantly. "No man has the gout at my time of life."

"More generally a coffin," muttered the other, *sotto voce*.

"No. Stolus—I have an idea—a capital idea!" pursued Theophilus Wiggins, Esquire, rather as a soliloquy than as addressing his man.

"Hold on to it!" muttered the other; "for if it's original it must be a curiosity."

"Eh? did you speak?" asked Wiggins, semi-mysteriously.

"I was only remarking that your hips don't set quite as well as formerly; I think you must have fallen away a little."

"Good gracious! what an idea!" exclaimed the other, in amazement; "as if a man could fall away at seven-and-twenty, unless he had some dem fever. Ridiculous, upon my word! I say, Stolus, let me stand as I am."

"On one leg, sir?"

"Fool! quit your impertinence, or I'll discharge you."

"Then how would you get taken apart and put together, sir?—for there's a good deal of nice machinery about you, Mr. Wiggins."

"When I say let me stand," said Theophilus, sternly, "I mean let me sit—let me be—leave me as I am—quit—go away! And now, if you comprehend anything, stupid, sit down by that table and write as I shall dictate."

"All ready, sir!" said the valet, as he disposed himself according to orders.

Mr. Wiggins—or rather, perhaps, I should say Mr. *Half*-Wiggins, since he was only half put together—leaned his bald head back in the chair, looked solemnly forth from his one eye, placed his remaining nether limb on another chair, and puffed out his toothless mouth, as if for a regular blow before the grand strike.

"Ahem!" he began, gathering himself for a mighty effort.

"Shall I write that, sir?" queried Stolus.

"No, you dunce! but write what I say now;" and Theophilus Wiggins proceeded to dictate—with interjectional remarks—all of which the writer put down as he went along. When he had finished the article, it read as follows, the asides being given in brackets:

"WANTED!—A WIFE!—[Well, that's true, I do.]—A gentleman in the prime of life—[Hardly the prime yet—but no matter—don't like to be thought too juvenile]—of ample means, amiable disposition, handsome person—[That's so—Spots, the artist, said I would do for an Apollo]—and possessing a fond and loving heart—[Nothing like a little touch of soft sawder with the female kind—it always tells]—is desirous of making the acquaintance of a lady with a view to matrimony. She also must be young—[Italicise *also* and *young*—I think that a good idea]—She *also* must be *young*, handsome, refined, and—[a—a—let me see! what is that word that's kind of loving, and yet isn't loving? Oh! ah! I have it—*amiable*]—and amiable, wealth not being especially essential, as he has a sufficiency—he mainly requiring that she should possess all the other requisites for rendering home happy. [I think that pretty good. Oh! you may add]—N. B. The writer of this is seriously in earnest, and all letters shall be held as strictly confidential. Address T. W., Box 375, Post-Office, stating full particulars, and where an interview may be had."

"Done, Stolus?"

"All down, sir."

"Give it me!"

As Stolus handed his master the paper, Mr. Wiggins adjusted his glass to his single eye, glanced over it, and exclaimed:

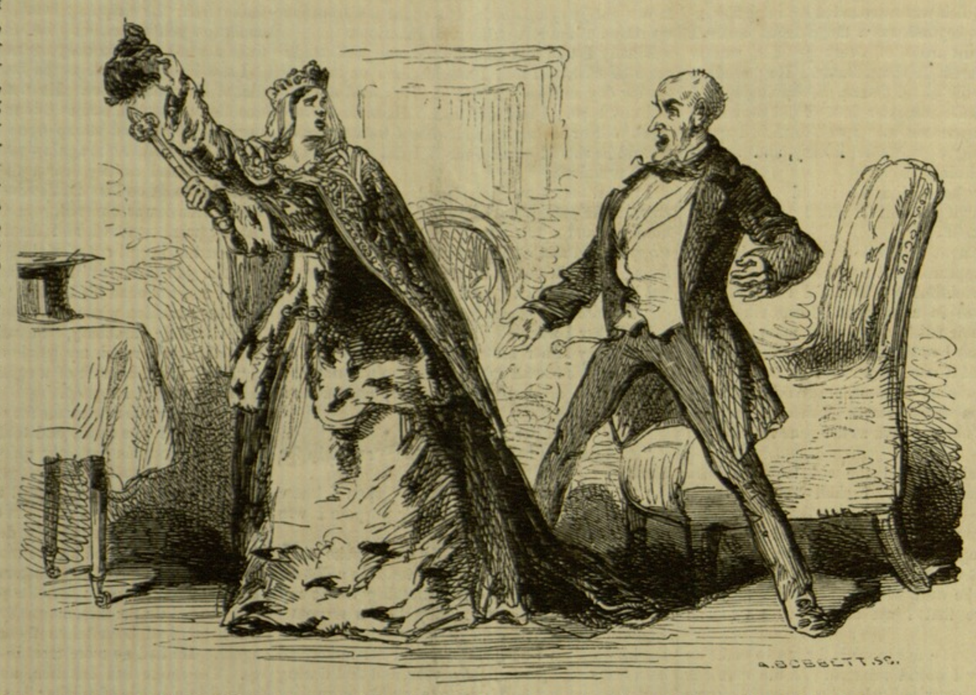
"Why, you stupid mule, you've written down everything I said."

"Please, sir, that's what you told me to do," returned the mischievous valet, demurely.

"Blockhead! wheel the table up here! give me the pen!" and Theophilus, in high dudgeon, proceeded to erase all superfluous matter, and punctuate the article correctly. He then ordered Stolus to make a clean copy; which, when finished, read thus:

"WANTED!—A WIFE!—A gentleman in the prime of life, of ample means, amiable disposition, handsome person, and possessing a fond and loving heart, is desirous of making the acquaintance of a lady with a view to matrimony. She *also* must be *young*, handsome, refined, and amiable—wealth not being especially essential, as he has a sufficiency—he mainly requiring that she should possess all the other qualifications for rendering home happy.

"N. B.—The writer of this is seriously in earnest, and all letters shall be held as strictly confidential. Address T. W., Box 375, Post-Office, stating full particulars, and where an interview may be had."



Being perfectly satisfied with the revised copy, Mr. Wiggins, as soon as he was all fairly put together, and his toilet completed, dispatched Stolus with the advertisement to the most popular daily journal. On the following day it appeared, and on the next Stolus brought the astonished advertiser something less than half a bushel of letters, all from females purporting to be exactly such as he required.

"Good gracious! what a tremendous lot to pick from!" exclaimed the highly flattered Theophilus Wiggins. "They must know who it is that wants a wife—don't you think so, Stolus?"

Stolus didn't think so, because he had charity enough to suppose that among so large a number there might be some who were not natural fools, but he took care not to say what he thought to his master.

Of course, in so large a list, there were a great many whose bad chirography, bad syntax, and worse orthography, could not but give offence to one so fastidious as Theophilus Wiggins, Esq.; and these were at once consigned to the flames—not of his heart, but of the fire. Another lot for various other reasons—prominent among which was the desire of the writers to know his exact age, and how much he was really worth—were indignantly destroyed by the blooming bachelor, as being too mercenary and too much wanting in true affection. Still another lot, in which his respondents appeared to be more in fun than earnest, met with the same fate.

At last, after a long, careful and critical examination, Theophilus found his large list reduced to four—there being only four that he fancied would do at all. Yet so far from being chagrined at this, he almost regretted the fact of their being more than *one*—simply because, after all, he could marry only *one*, and consequently *three* poor creatures would be left to bewail their sad fates, and perhaps die of broken hearts. However, his grief did not keep him from making an extra toilet; and having adjusted his wig, eye, teeth, breast, hip, cork-leg, and brass-mounted military coat, he proudly sallied forth, with the words of the Roman conqueror ringing through his mind: "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"

The first place at which he called was rather a genteel-looking house in a back street; and having delicately sounded the brass knocker, Mr. Wiggins waited with a palpitating heart the answer to his summons. The door was opened by a slip-shod, half-grown girl, who rather sharply asked the now timid wife-seeker what he wanted.

"A—ah—I—I called to—ahem!——

"Well, you can do that anywhere," was the impertinent reply.

Theophilus looked confused, but put on dignity, and said, more positively:

"Is Miss Laura Matilda Hawthorne within?"

Miss Laura Matilda Hawthorne *was* within; and an affected voice bade Sarah Ann Jones usher the gentleman into the drawing-room—which drawing-room proved to be a small parlor, about eight feet by ten, with a sofa occupying one side; upon which, in a studied attitude, half reclined a very sentimental-looking school-girl, with her ringlets floating negligently around her romantic features, and one of the latest novels on Insipidity in her hand.

"Pray be seated, Sir Knight!" she said to the astonished Mr. Wiggins. "I suppose you are the dear Thomas William whom I have so often seen in my dreams, and who is destined, by the irrevocable laws of fate, to unite his happy lot with mine, that we may go hand in hand together down through the flowery vales of life. You got my epistle, of course? Ma is away; and I am one so far above the vulgar sneers and prejudices of the world, as not to flinch at an elopement—because, of all things on this fair earth, I think an elopement the most sweet and romantic. I should like you better if you were darker, or paler, with long flowing locks, and collar *a la* Byron. But you will do, dear Thomas William. You have genius! you love novels! you write poetry! I see it all in your sparkling eyes!"

Theophilus winced a little at the compliment to his sparkling eyes, because he knew the brightest one was glass; and he mildly suggested that he had not the gift of genius—at least he did not think he had; and that he did not like novels, and had never written poetry; moreover, that his name was not Thomas William, but Theophilus Wiggins; and that he had never in his life had the remotest idea of an elopement!

"Ah! good heavens! what do I hear!" cried the now indignant Laura Matilda Hawthorne, springing from her divan, as she was wont to call her sofa. "I see! I have been deceived—basely deceived; my young heart is broken by a base-born churl! You are not my dear destined Thomas William, then, but plain Theophilus Wiggins—the most unromantic name in the world! You have not genius, either, you say; you do not like novels; you are not a poet in disguise; you would not elope; you have not sentiment enough even to throw yourself at my feet! I should not be surprised if you even wore a wig! Begone, sir! begone, base miscreant! Laura Matilda will reserve herself for a congenial companion! Sarah Ann Jones, show this man the door!"

"I can find it myself," suggested Mr. Wiggins, hastily putting on his hat.

And he did. And when he breathed freer in the open air, he thought the last remark of Laura Matilda Hawthorne the most sensible he had heard.

Theophilus Wiggins, Esq., now gathered up his dignity, and philosophized on the fact that his list was now reduced to three.

"Well," mused he, "'faint heart never won fair lady.' It is better as it is, for now there will be but *two* hearts to break instead of *three*."

And so, nothing daunted, he set off, in a business-like manner, for the next.

His second direction led him to a lodging-house, and up four pair of stairs; and on gently tapping at the door, it was opened by a rather good-looking lady, in theatrical attire, with a sceptre in her hand, and a pasteboard crown upon her head.

"Is Miss Sophronia Celestia Watkins within?" softly inquired Theophilus, hat in hand.

At once the stage-mad lady seized the half-terrified Theophilus, and, dragging him into the room, *nolens volens*, threw him from her. Then, striking a queenly attitude, with her back against the door, she exclaimed:

"It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink."

"Mad—a—Madam," stammered Mr. Wiggins, "I—I—fear there is some mistake here."

The tragic lady drew herself up with queenly haughtiness, and, still quoting Shakspeare, thus replied:

"'Tis nothing less; conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known: what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless wo, I wot."

"Good gracious, madam!" now exclaimed the confounded Theophilus, "are you mad?"

"Mad!" she cried; "who says I'm mad? Where lives the low-born hind that dares to so impeach the Heaven-sent gift of reason, as to call me mad? Ha! behold! he's *there!*" and she made a grand flourish with her sceptre, to the utter discomfiture of our ancient friend. "Behold the wretch! I wonder the very earth does not open and swallow him! Had I a dagger (gliding up to the amazed and now wholly terrified Theophilus), I'd plunge it to his heart!"

"Don't!" said Mr. Wiggins, holding up his hands in horror; "don't!"

"But as I haven't," went on the queenly Sophronia Celestia Watkins, "I'll—I'll pull his hair!"

And suiting the action to the word, Sophronia Celestia buried her hands in Mr. Wiggins's wig, tore it from his head, and thus disclosed to her astonished eyes a bald and shining apex, which looked for all the world like an inverted wash-bowl.

"Heavens! what do I behold!" shrieked the amazed Sophronia Celestia.

This was too much for Theophilus; he had had enough; he wanted to hear no more; but rudely jerking his wig from Miss Sophronia, he grasped it tightly in one hand, his hat in the other, made a lunge for the door, and went plunging down stairs, three at a leap, as if he thought all bedlam let loose behind him.

On turning the nearest corner, Theophilus stopped, drew a long breath, adjusted his wig and hat, looked timidly around him, and then shook himself together, to be certain he was all there.

To any one less persevering than our hero, these adventures in the matrimonial line would have been quite sufficient; but he reasoned that all could not be lackadaisical school-girls or stage-struck lunatics; and therefore, as there were two left, that his hymenial star might still be in the ascendant. So he started for number three; but his late experience had taught him caution; and on reaching the residence of her he thought might possibly be the future Mrs. Wiggins (leaving only *one* broken heart), he walked twice around the house, and then instituted a series of inquiries concerning the character of Miss Tabitha Tibbits at the nearest Dutch grocery. Learning there that she was one whom the world might esteem, he ventured back in quest of her. The house was neat and well-furnished; and as Mr. Wiggins, after being ushered into the parlor, sat waiting the appearance of Miss Tibbits, he felt quite proud of his prospective conquest. But when Miss Tibbits really appeared in propria persona, his pride took a fall; for he discovered, to his great chagrin, that she was an ugly old maid—forty, at least—probably fifty—possibly sixty.

The conversation opened in a very quiet manner, Miss Tibbits assuring Theophilus that she feared she had given too much way to her juvenile impulses, in venturing to address an unknown gentleman; but that his advertisement had struck her as emanating from one she thought she could esteem, and she trusted he would take no advantage of her youthful indiscretion. On Mr. Wiggins solemnly assuring her he would not, she thanked him kindly, and wanted to know if he was pious—what church he attended—and if he would allow her to keep a pet poodle, two cats, a parrot, a mocking-bird, and a few canaries—the dear creatures having been a great solace to her in her hours of girlish meditation.

Mr. Wiggins looked at her hatchet face, crows-foot eyes, painted cheeks and prim attire, and mildly replied that he had not the slightest objection to her keeping all the dogs, cats and fowls in the town; but having a positive engagement at a certain hour—bless him! how the time had flown!—he should be compelled to tear himself away. It was no easy task, however; but Theophilus was persevering, and accomplished it—bowing himself out backward with many a feigned regret, and lying when he said he should be happy to call again.

"Well," said Theophilus, drawing another long breath, "three times and out, they say. So, then, the fourth lady must be the one, after all. I'm glad of it. It leaves my mind at ease. There will be *no* hearts broken."

The fourth and last address took him to a large, fine, splendid-looking mansion, where Mr. Wiggins compared numbers anxiously, to be sure there was no mistake, and then rang the bell. On inquiring for Miss Cordelia Walters, the servant ushered him into a magnificent drawing-room, where he encountered, not the young lady herself, but the young lady's mother. This was more like doing business in the truly fashionable style, and Theophilus Wiggins, Esq., felt at home. After the usual preliminaries, the grand point was reached, and he was assured by Mrs. Walters that she had herself written the note, and not Cordelia.

"She is a dear, sweet girl," said the mother, "and I would like to see her married well, to a gentleman of means, which I believe your advertisement states you to be."

"I have means, madam, and can give you any reference you desire. How old is your daughter?"

"She is quite young, Mr. Wiggins—not over twenty."

Theophilus Wiggins' heart rose.

"Good looking, I suppose?" he interrogatively pursued.

"She has been accounted a beauty, sir."

Theophilus Wiggins' heart took a tremendous leap.

"Amiable and affectionate, I presume?"

"Of a very even and quiet disposition," said the lady.

"Could I be permitted to see her?" inquired Mr. Wiggins.

Mrs. Walters did not think it at all necessary. Mr. Wiggins wanted a wife, and she, Mrs. Walters, would like to see her daughter settled in life; she trusted he was all he purported to be, and Miss Cordelia was all she recommended her; and so, as both parties were evidently suited, she thought calling in the girl entirely superfluous. To this Mr. Wiggins demurred, inadvertently saying something about "a pig in a poke," and quietly suggesting the fact that he could not very well marry without first seeing her.

"If you insist upon it," said the lady, rising, and ringing the bell, "I will have her called."

And she was called; and at the first glance of her young and pretty face, Mr. Wiggins was in raptures. His fond heart took another leap to his very throat, and beat at fever heat. But half-a-dozen words with the fair Cordelia let it down far below zero, for those half-a dozen words acquainted him with the startling fact that she was a *natural born idiot!*

Mr. Wiggins suddenly remembered another pressing engagement, and at once took his leave, and himself homeward.

"Stolus," he said, when he had planted himself in an easy chair, in his bachelor apartment, are there any more letters?"

"Another half bushel, sir!"

"Burn them, Stolus!" said Mr. Wiggins, solemnly, straightening up his neck and collar with dignity. "Burn them, sir! put them all in the fire, sir! and if any more come, Stolus, serve them all in the same manner, sir! I have changed my mind. On further consideration, I think I'll not get married at all."

And Theophilus Wiggins, Esq., didn't. He lived and died an old bachelor, leaving the bulk of his property to a favorite nephew, on condition that he should never make a confounded fool of himself by—"*advertising for a wife.*"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. G. K.—You made a great mistake in entering into a quarrel with your rival in the presence of the young lady whose heart and hand you wish to win. Had you met his impertinence and insults with dignified silence, or retorted with a little polished sarcasm, so as to show the young lady that you cared more for *her* comfort and feelings than for your own—that you were willing quietly to put up with insult because retaliation would cause her pain—she would have felt grateful for your forbearance on her account, respected your self control, and admired your good-breeding. But as you descended to the vulgar level of your rival, you should not grumble if she classes you in the same category with him. This should be a lesson to you, and teach you to remember that when a man feels called upon to chastise a puppy for insolence, he must not *get down on all fours* to administer the castigation.

JAMESTOWN.—A trip over the prairies of the west would probably do you more good than a trip to Europe. Plunge into the wilds of Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, or Oregon, with a party of gallant fellows, and hunt the buffalo and grizzly bear, if you want to shake off the pallor of consumption, and strengthen your digestive powers. Or, if you have not the nerve for such adventure, travel quietly through the civilized portions of the trans-Mississippi region, and you will come back a healthier and a heavier man.

TARRYTOWN.—By no means. A man has no right to "keep company" with a girl two or three years, and then marry another "as long as *nothing had ever been said* to the deserted one about marrying her." His actions in "keeping company" with her so long "speak louder than words" to her heart and her belief. No honorable man would do such a despicable thing.

BERTRAM.—You had better stick to the farm. Your ideas of an actor's life are very erroneous. As an intelligent farmer you would be honored and enjoy an honest and peaceful life; as an actor you would occupy a precarious position in society, live poorly, and probably die in poverty.

HARRY.—Your teacher is in error in saying that General Marion, the famous revolutionary partisan, had a son in his band of heroes. General Marion was not married until after the close of the war.

C. L. Z.—If you have not yet "declared your intentions," you cannot get out your naturalization papers in time to vote next autumn. In order for a person, born in a foreign country, to become a citizen of the United States, it is necessary that he should make a declaration under oath, at least two years before his admission, of his intention to become a citizen, and must renounce his allegiance to his own sovereign. This declaration must be made before any State court, being a court of record, and having a seal and clerk, and common-law jurisdiction; or, before a Circuit Court of the United States; or, before a District Court of the United States; or, before a clerk of any of these courts. After he has been a resident of the United States for five years, and has made his declaration of intentions at least two years before, he may then be admitted to the rights of citizenship. In order to do this, he must prove, by the oath of two citizens of the United States, that he has been a resident of the United States for five years, and one year within the State where the court is held. He must also take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and on oath renounce and abjure his native allegiance. If he have been a minor, and shall have resided in the United States for three years next before attaining his majority, he may be admitted without such previous declaration, on proving by two witnesses that he has resided five years in the United States, three years as a minor and two since he became of age, making the declaration of his intention at the time of his admission, and declaring on oath, and proving to the satisfaction of the court, that for three years next preceding it had been his *bona fide* intention to become a citizen. The alien's country, at the time of his admission, must be at peace with the United States. If an alien die after having made his declaration of intention and before his admission, his widow and children are citizens. The minor children of any one duly naturalized, if said children are dwelling in the United States, are citizens. These regulations apply only to free white people; others cannot become citizens.

A DISTRESSED WIFE writes us that her husband, who was once the kindest and best of men, has contracted habits of dissipation, and is now not only unkind, but often brutal in his conduct. Sometimes he will not be entirely sober once in a week, and when under the influence of liquor he is cross and cruel to the children, and tyrannical to her. He has several times struck her to the floor, and once even kicked her as she lay helpless at his feet. Her friends wish her to get a legal separation from him, that she may be saved from his brutality, and the children removed from the influence of his vile conduct and baneful example. She wants to know if she could get a divorce, and whether or not it is her duty to do so. You could probably get a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, as it is called, which means a divorce from bed and board, or, in other words, a legal separation and maintenance. Under such a divorce neither of you could marry again while the other was living. As to the question of *duty*, that you must decide for yourself. We would not allow a daughter of ours to live with such a beast as you describe your husband to be, if we could possibly effect his separation from her.

ST. LOUIS.—We think (taking your statements as the basis of our opinion) that the gentleman does not love you. It is impossible for a man truly to love two women at the same time—that is, we mean that he cannot purely and conjugally love two women at the same time. Therefore, we think you had better discard your easy-going lover in toto. A lady who exhibits such superior intelligence and cultivation as pervade every line of your letter, certainly cannot lack admirers and lovers, from whom to select a husband.

BUFFALO.—It was a most petty as well as ungallant thing for the young man to refuse to row the boat back to the landing, because he had been foolish enough to take offence at some fancied slight. The young ladies who *manned the oars*, and rowed safely back, administered the most fitting rebuke that could have been given to him—unless, indeed, they had pitched him overboard, within a safe distance of the shore.

HENRY R.—Yes. A newspaper is allowed to circulate through the post-office *free of postage* only *in the county in which it is published*. A paper sent from New York to some other county, or, as in your case, to another State, and there mailed to some one residing in the county in which the post-office in which the paper is deposited is situated, would not come under the rule. Such a paper would be charged full postage.

SUPERIOR says that several years since he "married one of the loveliest flowers that ever adorned the female sex," but a short time only had elapsed before he found out that he had been tremendously cheated, and he has been in misery ever since. His wife makes his home a perfect purgatory, and he don't know what to do. We are not surprised at this. Next time let him let "lovely flowers" alone, and marry a woman.

W. E. L.—We should be glad to gratify you, but we never make use of second-hand material, worked over to suit the taste of some *one* person. We aim to make the LEDGER *enjoyable and useful to the greatest number possible*, and cannot, therefore, devote any portion of it to the *exclusive* gratification of a single individual.

A SCHOOL GIRL.—Your communication is doubtless well meant, but it fails to be of any service because you do not specify the characters and passages referred to. We shall be glad to hear from you at any time, if you will only give us the points on which your criticisms are founded. Vague, general remarks are of no service whatever.

H. S.—In introducing strangers to your parents, you should mention the names of the latter. In case your name were Smith, you should say, "Mr. Smith, my father;" or, "Dr. Smith, my father;" or, "General Smith, my father," etc., according to your father's profession, rank or office, and your own taste.

YOUNG MAN.—By referring to the "Notices to Correspondents" in the LEDGER of March 16th, 1857, which can be obtained at our office or ordered through any newsdealer, you will find a full statement, by the Secretary of the Navy, of all the steps and qualifications necessary to gain admittance to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

INEZ.—You should be extremely careful in regard to corresponding with young men. You do not seem to have any very particular regard for either of the two you mention. Wait until you love one or the other of them, and then you will be at no loss how to act. When you do really love you will know it.

MONTEREY.—Judging from what we have read on the subject, we think Mexican women are not suited by nature or education to be the wives of citizens of the United States; and, therefore, we are inclined to the opinion that you would act very injudiciously should you marry the person to whom you refer.

BONAPARTE.—We do not believe in war. Great conquerors are great calamities. One honest toiler, who industriously earns his own living and brings up a family in the fear of God, is of more value to the world than ever so many "generals."

BACHELOR.—You should be liberal with your money towards the girls, inasmuch as you are so stingy in the matter of your affections. Pay the philipœna forfeits, and let the gifts be something beyond the common order of such things.

J. D. W.—Yes. The marriage is binding. The man married the woman with the full knowledge of what her conduct had been, and consequently accepted that conduct. He cannot now set it up as grounds for a divorce. Had he been ignorant of it, the case would be otherwise.

AN INQUIRER.—We think that, under the circumstances you mention, and inasmuch as you and your betrothed are both so set in your respective sectarian beliefs and so intolerant of any difference in your sectarian views, that you had better not marry each other.

PLATTE.—If you are of age, you of course have a right to marry whomsoever you please, provided *she* is eligible. If you are still a minor, postpone the auspicious day until you attain your majority. Sterling character is of course to be preferred to beauty or riches, in a wife.

NEWS AGENT.—Yes. No yearly subscriptions will be taken from your town, as we prefer people to buy from the newsdealers. We only take yearly subscriptions from towns where there are no news offices established.

JOSEPH.—There is no harm in your playing any airs, tunes, or musical compositions you please, on your piano. It would require some one superhumanly skilled in sin to draw anything evil out of a musical instrument.

SUPERSTITION.—Of course we believe in God's providential government of the world. None of the fallacious arguments and sophistical reasonings of infidels ever had the slightest weight with us.

INGOMAR.—It was very impolite in the young lady whom you took to the party, to go home with another gentleman without consulting you on the subject.

CYTHARA.—The harp is a very pretty instrument for a young lady to play on, but a pianoforte would be more useful.

R. P., Tallahasse.—We never insert communications for pay in the LEDGER, else we should be glad to oblige you by inserting the verses sent.

JOHN V.—There are many good teachers of the violin in this city. The best of them charge from $1 to $2 a lesson of one hour's duration.

J. H. A.—Tell the girl that you love her, and have done with your doubts and fears. You may rest assured that she will not be offended at such an avowal on your part.

NETTIE.—Your story is very good for a "little girl only twelve years old," but it is not suitable for the LEDGER.

J. B. R.—Camphene, or spirits of turpentine, will remove stains from cloth—also grease spots.

READER OF THE LEDGER.—All the "gift enterprises" are swindles.

TOBY.—We know of no such paper as you mention.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*